

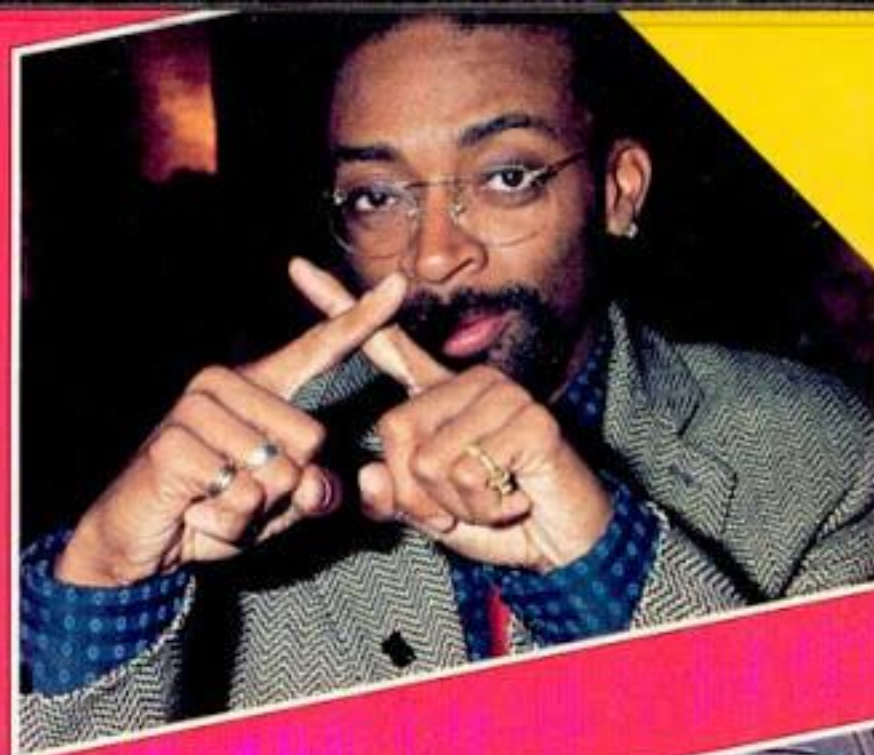
SPY

January 1993

THE 100

PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF 1992

WORST



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DEADLINE: THE STORY THAT KILLED DANNY CASOLARO

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THE MEGA-AUTEUR HOLLYWOOD HATES

► The Brat Pack is growing up and mercifully fading from memory, but the man who created them, director-writer-producer John Hughes, is more childish and powerful than ever. From his own Chicago show business bunker, Hughes cranks out high-concept crud (such as *Home Alone 2*) almost as fast as he can sack underlings and piss off Hollywood bigwigs. But is he headed for a fall? RICHARD LALICH reports. **Plus:** Why Frank Capra is Hughesesque, by CHRIS KELLY 66

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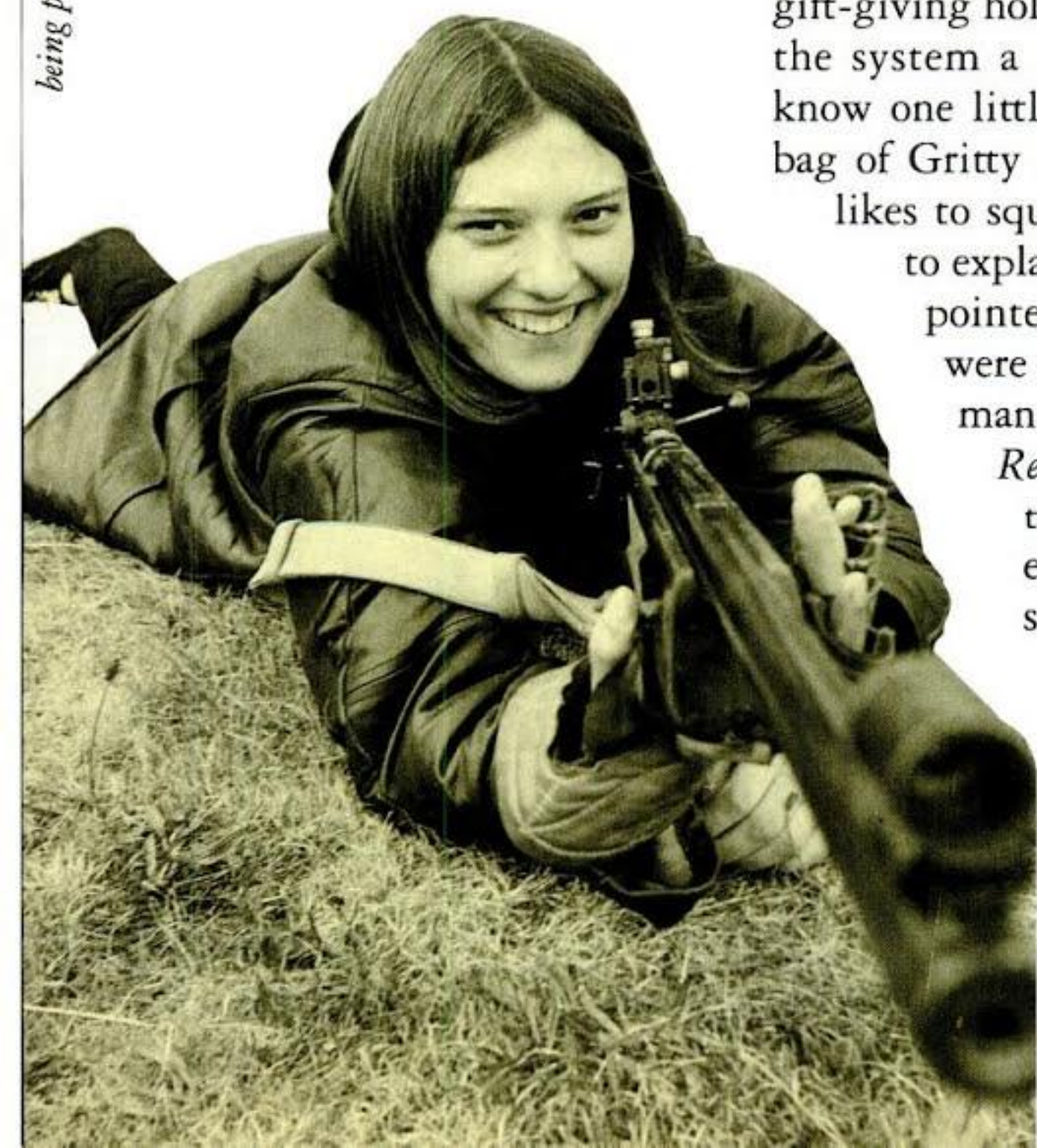
Great Expectations

being part of Super Bowl XXVII. —Michael Jackson, halftime entertainer and King of Pop

HAPPY! JOY! WE'RE IN THAT SPECIAL HOLIDAY MOOD, MEANING NOT DEPRESSED AND SUICIDAL, BUT FESTIVE AND FULL OF CHEER. WE'RE so full of it that we're actually looking forward to 1993 and the first year of the Clinton presidency with a sense of...what? Foreboding? Anxiety? The willies? Oh, yes, now we remember: *hope*. We hope this new year goes better than that old one. We hope, too, to do better than 1991, or 1990, or 1984, or 1979, or 1929, or 1965 (the year John Maguire slapped us on the playground and made us cry in front of everybody). We hope for a completely new and improved future—kinder, gentler, brighter, shinier—the kind of future, we hope, our kids won't curse us for. We

Happy! Joy!

hope our kids grow up in a world free from fear of nuclear war, the collapse of Citicorp and the Maguire family. We hope for the best. For the kids. But first, we hope to see their tiny, glowing faces as they open their presents on the gift-giving holiday of our choice, and so we're going to plunge the system a little deeper into debt, just this once. We know one little boy who will not glow unless he gets a big bag of Gritty Kitty Litter, the brand his cartoon pal Stimpy likes to squish between his toes, then eat. When we tried to explain that Gritty Kitty Litter doesn't exist (yet), he pointed to the TV screen and looked at us as if we were fat, bloated idiots. (And *we* feel abandoned: The man responsible for our holiday shopping problem, *Ren & Stimpy Show* creator John Kricfalusi, told the trade papers after he was booted by Nickelodeon, "Farts are behind me.") We even went so far as to goad a Nickelodeon spokesperson into confirming, "There are no plans for edible Gritty Kitty Litter for Christmas, but I can't articulate beyond that," so we could point to this page and say, *See, there it is in black and white*, but this kid doesn't believe black-and-white, only 27-inch color. Fortunately, Grape Nuts feel just about right.



Great Expectations

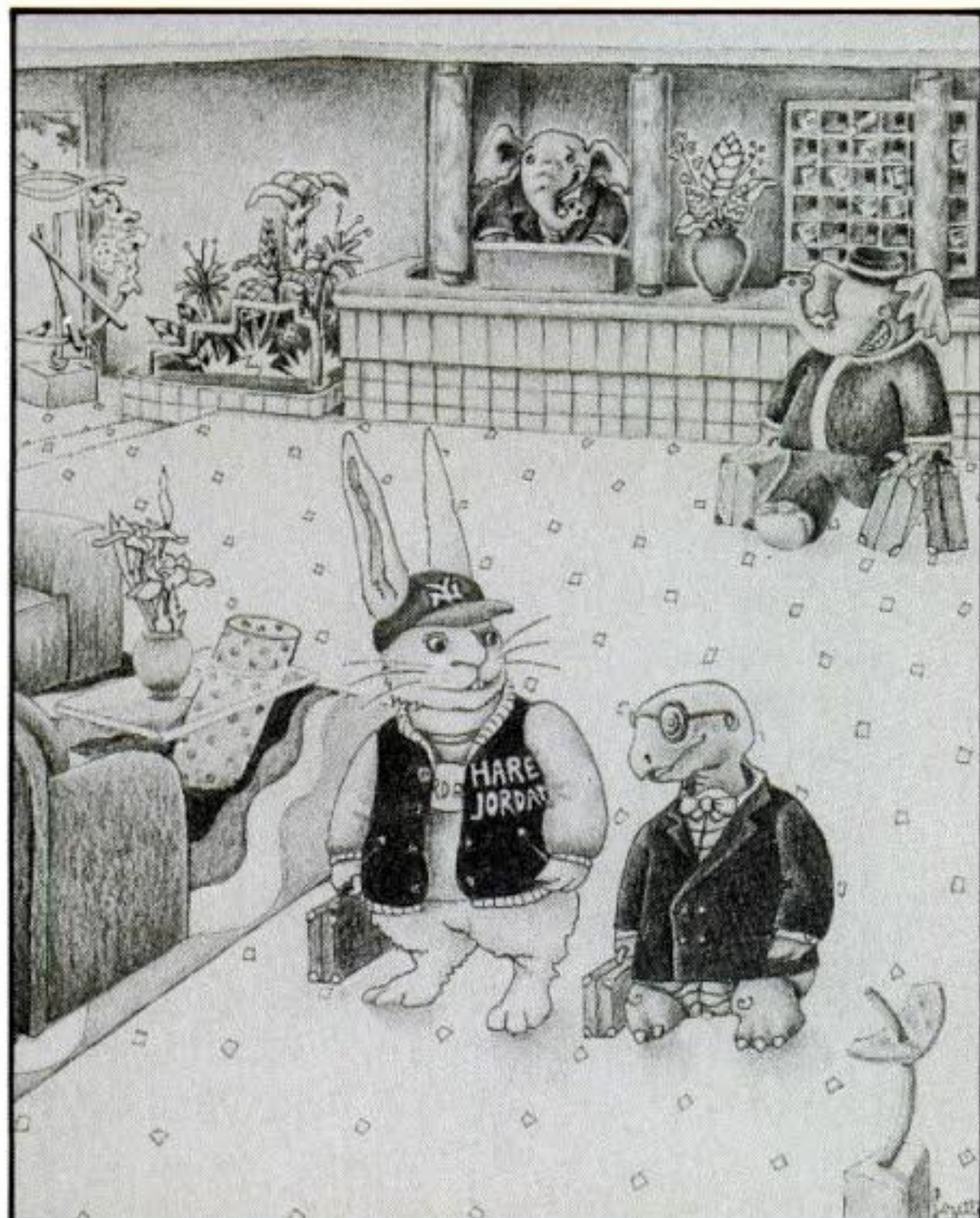
Now if only we can find a sympathetic Teen Talk! Barbie for one little girl we know who hates math. We had hoped Barbie would validate her feelings, but the Russ Myers-ian role model capitulated to the Correct Crowd and won't say, "Math class is tough," any longer, according to her people. We marveled at this conversion to feminism the other day as we strolled down Barbie Lane at a nearby toyplex. To think, all those Dream Bride Barbies, Barbie bridesmaids, Barbie Wedding Sets, Wedding Day Barbie Wedding Chapels (convertible to reception halls), Barbie Honeymoon Outfits, Barbie Beauty Salon Boutiques, Barbie Bubbling Pretty Spas, Mermaid Barbie costumes—all of it to be replaced in short order by Barbie Conference Rooms and Barbie Lab Coats and Barbie Black-Rimmed Glasses. And it's only

1993. We didn't find any G.I. Honeymoon Action Figures among the boys' toys, but there was this not unprogressive development: Eco-warriors, featuring Ozone, an ozone-replenishing trooper, and Clean-Sweep, the anti-tox trooper—both made out of durable plastic sure to last thousands of years.

Who knows? By the next millennium we may even see pictures of boys-holding-the-product on boxes of baby dolls. And why not? Boys would probably like the new Magic Potty Baby ("Sit baby on the Magic Potty and watch it fill...then flush") and Oopsie Daisy ("Baby crawls, falls...and cries"). But call us old-fashioned—we are a little upset at imagining what kind of kid, boy or girl, would enjoy Newborn Baby Shivers ("I really shiver when you take off my clothes") or Baby Feels So Real ("Feel me!"), which has pseudobones beneath its pseudoskin; and we question the psycho-

logical healthfulness of the new Cabbage Patch doll with real beating heart sound, which, as far as we can determine, does not include instructions on explaining Sudden Infant Dead Battery Syndrome. Also, we don't know what to make of Baby All Gone, which sounds like something that ought to be kept behind the pharmacist's counter.

Speaking of bad for kids: priests and teachers. Recent evidence includes (1) the highest-ranking Episcopal priest in the country resigning following allegations that he had "broken his ordinal vows" by having sex with boys, though one bishop tried to allay the inevitable oh-my-God-our-priests-are-having-sex-with-our-children hysteria by saying, "To my knowledge, the number of persons involved was less than ten"; and (2) a former Phillips Exeter Academy drama teacher and current convicted child pornographer facing a maximum sentence of



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ten years in jail and a \$250,000 fine and complaining, "I expected to get zapped, but not zapped on all four counts." With role models like these, how can we expect our kids to accept being grounded?

Good for kids: cartoons. At least according to TV executives filing documents describing how they fulfilled the requirements of the new federal Children's Television Act. At WGNO in New Orleans, the antics of the space rabbit Bucky O'Hare illuminated "issues of social consciousness and responsibility"—for example, when "good doer Bucky fights off evil toads." At WDIV in Detroit, educational value could be found in an episode of *Yo, Yogi!* in which the dooper-than-the-average-bear thwarted "a bank-robbing cockroach" by "using his head rather than his muscles." Perhaps MC Yogi even inspired that 13-year-old girl who recently used her head to compose the note she handed to a teller

at a Marine Midland Bank in Buffalo: GIVE ME THE MONEY OR I'LL BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT.

Bad for kids: s-e-x. "We ought to tell children," current White House occupant Barbara Bush told Larry King, "that sex is—is *death*." The problem is—is kids don't know what's bad for them. That much-discussed episode of *Civil Wars*—the one that explored the burning issue of divorce lawyers posing for nudie pictures—was watched by more kids age six to eleven than by any other age group.

Good for kids: guns. The NRA has gone to court in Arizona to protect the rights of children to bear arms. James Schmidt, a co-plaintiff, raised this frightening specter: "If my kids are being driven to a shooting range...they could be stopped for a traffic violation [and] have their guns taken away."

Good for kids, bad for *their* kids: disposable diapers. Good for kids, according to a page 1 story in *The*

New York Times, because it keeps them from becoming too inconvenient. Environmentalists have all but abandoned their cloth campaign, the *Times* reported. "Let's deal with the big-ticket items," said William Rathje, an archaeologist and head of the University of Arizona's Garbage Project, "before we ask millions of mothers to torture themselves." (Fathers, presumably, are busy replenishing the ozone layer.) In the meantime, we buy and fill more than 17 billion disposable diapers a year, so that one day our kids' kids can frolic on verdant rolling hills fed by mountains of Huggies—using some fantastic, high-tech process to be developed later—so that when they come frolicking up to us and asking why they have to wear these stupid full-body sunsuits and why their mud pies smell so bad, we can break into dry, crinkly smiles and say, *Hey, kid, shit happens.* ☽

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COLUMBIA



Little did we know when we published Napoleon St. Cyr's rantings about his car troubles (this column, July/August) that we were dealing with a man who had been written up in *The New York Times*. So when a former student of the former sixth-grade teacher wrote to warn us of St. Cyr's resemblance to Richard Nixon (October), we casually printed that information as fact, never guessing that St. Cyr would provide, in his defense, two *Times* photographs of himself. The pictures prove it: St. Cyr (who received that media attention as editor of a small-yet-prestigious literary magazine) looks almost nothing like Nixon. He does, however, bear a shocking resemblance to Henry Kissinger. St. Cyr's Jeep still hasn't been repaired, but then we still don't have all the answers to the MIA question either, do we?

Space does not permit explanation of that last comment for our younger readers, such as Erik J. Booher of Zionsville, Indiana. Erik introduces himself as "your not-so-average 15-year-old reader." In what way? "I sit down with my computer and write a script and/or outline for a skit and then act these out in front of a VHS recorder." Actually, Erik, you *are* our average 15-year-old reader; we can tell, even though you didn't explicitly mention *Star Trek*. Michael Tritter of Manhattan doesn't say how old he is but does describe himself as "a fan of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*." He wonders, "Why do all the characters tug on their uniform tops when they stand up?" Thanks for asking, Michael. They do it to taunt you.

Speaking of the younger generation, we thank Gallery Stendhal in Manhattan for the press kit on their recent exhibit of new ►

Letters to SPY

The Loaf Boat

My daughter and I have, between us, accumulated 14 years of higher education and five degrees from four universities. We learned more in the four months we spent circumnavigating the Earth as a professor and student, respectively, on the University of Pittsburgh's Semester at Sea than at any other comparable time period in our lives ["Europe on Three Credits a Day," by David Kamp, September]. To learn about monsoon winds as they lash rain at the porthole off Madras, about continental drift as the granite "crumbs" of the Seychelles appear on the horizon, about animism watching a can-domblé ceremony in Bahia, or about capitalist-Communist competition re-creating the landscape of Hong Kong, is never to forget. Sure, we hung out a lot, but where else do faculty and students discuss population policies, global inequalities or personal responsibility for environmental degradation over beer at 10:00 p.m.? Sure, there were a few spoiled brats on board who spent their parents' money and learned little, but the vast majority of students both appreciated and gained wisdom from the experience. As one of these "professors loafing away their sabbaticals from reputable institutions," I worked harder teaching three new courses and leading field trips than I do at home. But it was a great experience that has enriched both my teaching and my research.

Briavel Holcomb
Chair, Department of Urban
Studies and Community
Health
Rutgers, the State University of
New Jersey
New Brunswick, New Jersey

Do you know what it's like to meet students at Tsinghua University in Beijing? Do you know what it's like to dance with Iban tribespeople in their longhouse on Sarawak, Borneo? Do you know what it's like to have starving Indian children begging you for food? Or do you know what it's like to walk through the rapidly disappearing Amazon rain forest? I do. I experienced all these things and countless more because of Semester at Sea. It was the most incredible and, believe it or not, *educational* experience of my life.

Jessica Bowen
Evanston, Illinois

We are happy to say we've had many experiences similar to the ones you describe. We call this traveling.

I attended seven schools/programs, including Semester at Sea, traveled extensively and still managed to obtain a B.A. from the University of Pennsylvania. In London I went to the theater; in Oslo, club-hopping; in Hong Kong, shopping; and in Beijing, swimming almost every day at a five-star hotel—all for course credit! (Penn actually accepted half of my transfer credits, and an extra year there postponed job-hunting.) However, for the five years I enjoyed going to "college," the following five years I paid for it suffering real-life shock. Holding a job was hell; I had difficulty grasping the concept of only ten vacation days a year, and I constantly found myself reassessing my frequent-flier miles.

Carolyn Whitsett
Crestwood, New York

Bravo to David Kamp for enlightening the rest of the world on how savvy rich kids skate through college. I worked with two Semester at



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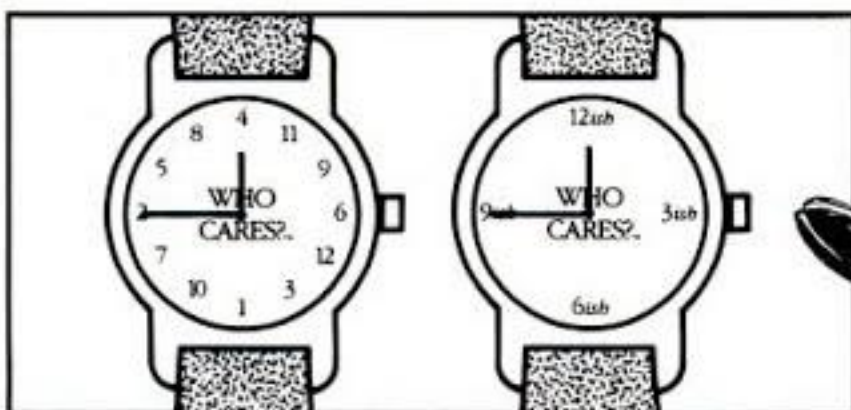
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MARKETING INTERNS



Sea graduates. One day we were talking about the musical *Les Misérables*, and they couldn't believe there was a book out already!

Ruta Fox
Los Angeles, California

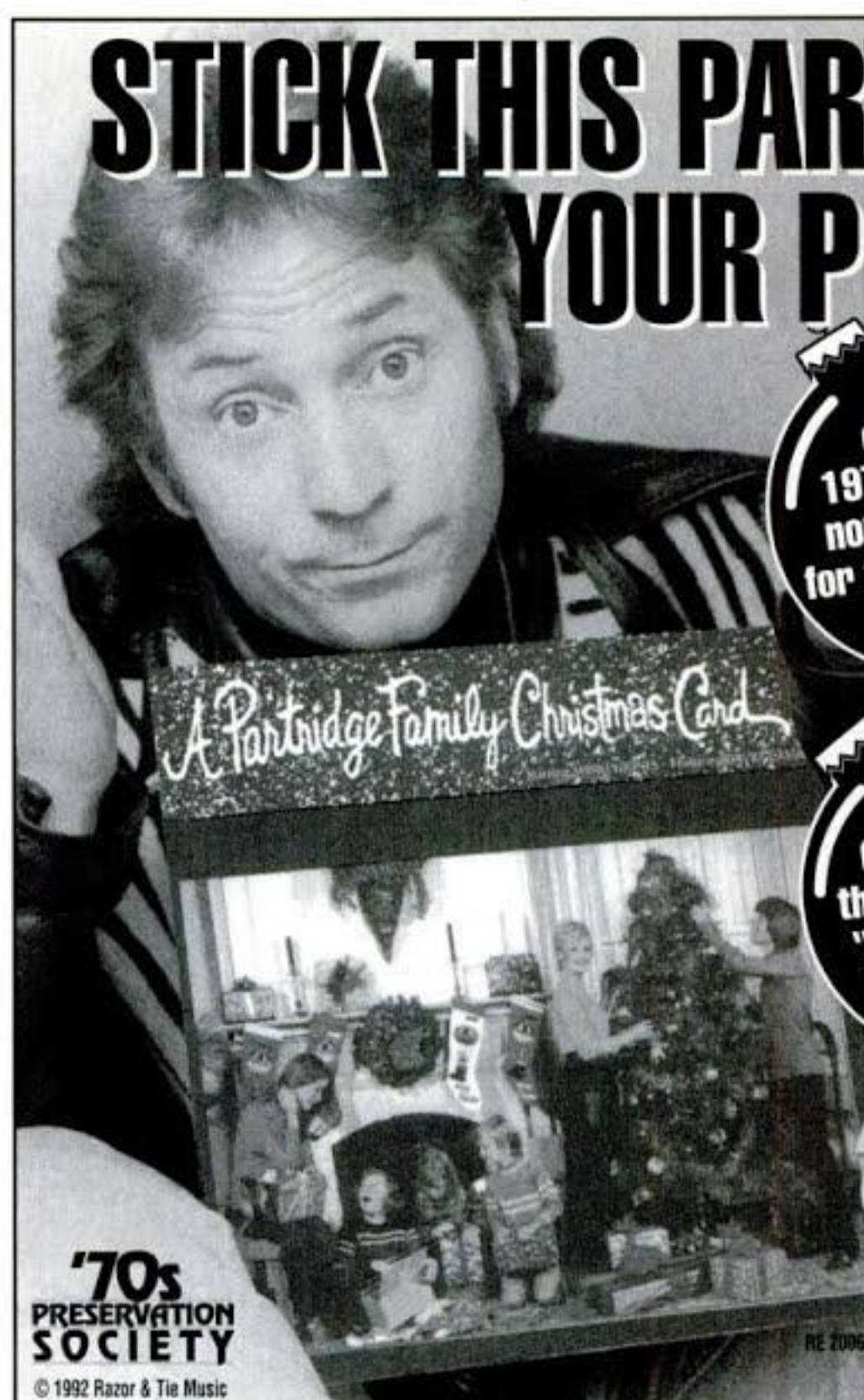
Academia Nuts

As a college teacher who regularly uses popular culture (i.e., music, film, video, cultural artifacts) in the classroom, I found the list "The 50 Stupidest College Courses in America" that accompanied the article "Europe on Three Credits a Day" to be foolishly reductive, culturally atavistic, and—dare I say—sophomoric. The inclusion of the list is as reactionary and hierarchical as those institutions you profess to challenge in the main story.

How do you define "stupid," anyway? For most of your examples, *nontraditional* or *noncanonical* seems more appropriate; and some of the courses, such as "Leisure: The Individual and Society" and "Gender-Specific Perspectives of Birth Control," have grown out of serious and controversial academic studies. If you have determined that such "stupid" courses are part of the same faulty university machine that sends the privileged youth of America around the world to fuck off and waste money, then you should say so explicitly. I'm sure you wouldn't dare identify an advertising or marketing course as "stupid," nor would you attack the credibility or usefulness of journalism courses. The implication here is that college courses that defy our expectations of "traditional" education or promote alternative paradigms of knowledge are as unrealistic or wasteful as those European-holiday semesters for which the student earns college credit.

I also find it ironic that a magazine like *SPY*, which prides itself on the colloquial and the anecdotal—truly a "deconstructive" editorial policy—would print the list without realizing how *SPY* itself is implicated. After all, what are courses like

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"Myths in the Media," "The Virtues of Vice" and "Topics in Popular Music Culture" but more formal, more academic and more cogently argued versions of what SPY publishes on a monthly basis?

David Serlin

Brooklyn, New York

Well, Professor Serlin, let's hope your orals went better than this letter would suggest. Nowhere did we "profess to challenge" any institution as "reactionary and hierarchical." That's your job. The historical study of leisure activities has interested certain legitimate scholars more and more, but somehow we doubt that whoever teaches the course we mentioned is one of them, since the description says, as we quoted it, "Students formulate their own philosophy of leisure." We believe that practically all marketing and journalism courses are a waste of time. Please don't throw around the word deconstructive. As for your final comment, you have a point, so we have decided to raise our subscription rate from \$14.75 to \$22,000 a year.

Some anonymous person pushed under the door to my office your "50 Stupidest College Courses" list, highlighting the entries for the "The Aesthetics of Science Fiction" and "Science Fiction Film." I spell *aesthetics* without the *a*, and I usually leave the area to philosophers, but I do teach courses in science-fiction literature and film.

You bloody East Coast snobs, living a New York stereotype! The Midwest is the home of popular-culture studies, and if you are going to attack them, you should attack them on home ground, not in the thin, alien, infertile soil of the East.

I enclose a syllabus for my current course in the science-fiction film. As a student of Shakespeare—I've always liked the bourgeois, commercial crap—I suggest that you do some reading in George Chapman, Shakespeare's near contemporary. Chapman was High Culture. Chapman was avant-garde. Chapman had Aesthetic Theories. Chapman was respectable. And I think you'd list a

Chapman course as stupid. There may be a moral there.

Richard Erlich

Department of English

Miami University

Oxford, Ohio

Believe us, Professor Erlich, if you replaced Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey, which we find on your syllabus, with The Blind Beggar of Alexandria, we wouldn't mind at all. And don't get us wrong—we loved the Bill & Ted movies; we just don't think we deserved academic credit for watching them.

I was pleased and flattered to find the (heavily edited) catalog description for my science-fiction film course included in your 50 dumbest college courses. This simply proves what I have always suspected: Anything that the editors of SPY magazine find too dumb to do is worth teaching.

Elisabeth Lyon

Assistant Professor, English and

Comparative Literature

Hobart and William Smith

Colleges

Geneva, New York

Clintoncomics

Just finished your Fantastic Foursome Forum [by Larry Doyle and Alan Kupperberg, October] at about the same time I completed national editor Jamie Malanowski's book *Mr. Stupid Goes to Washington*. I recognize all of the names of readers who "sent in" letters with the exception of Tabitha Soren—who is she? Did I miss her in the book?

Terry Kline

Bowling Green, Ohio

No one here has read Jamie Malanowski's book.

Congratulations on "The Fantastic Foursome." I laughed out loud at least four times.

Alan Farnham

New York

I loved "The Fantastic Foursome" so much, I wish it could be a real,

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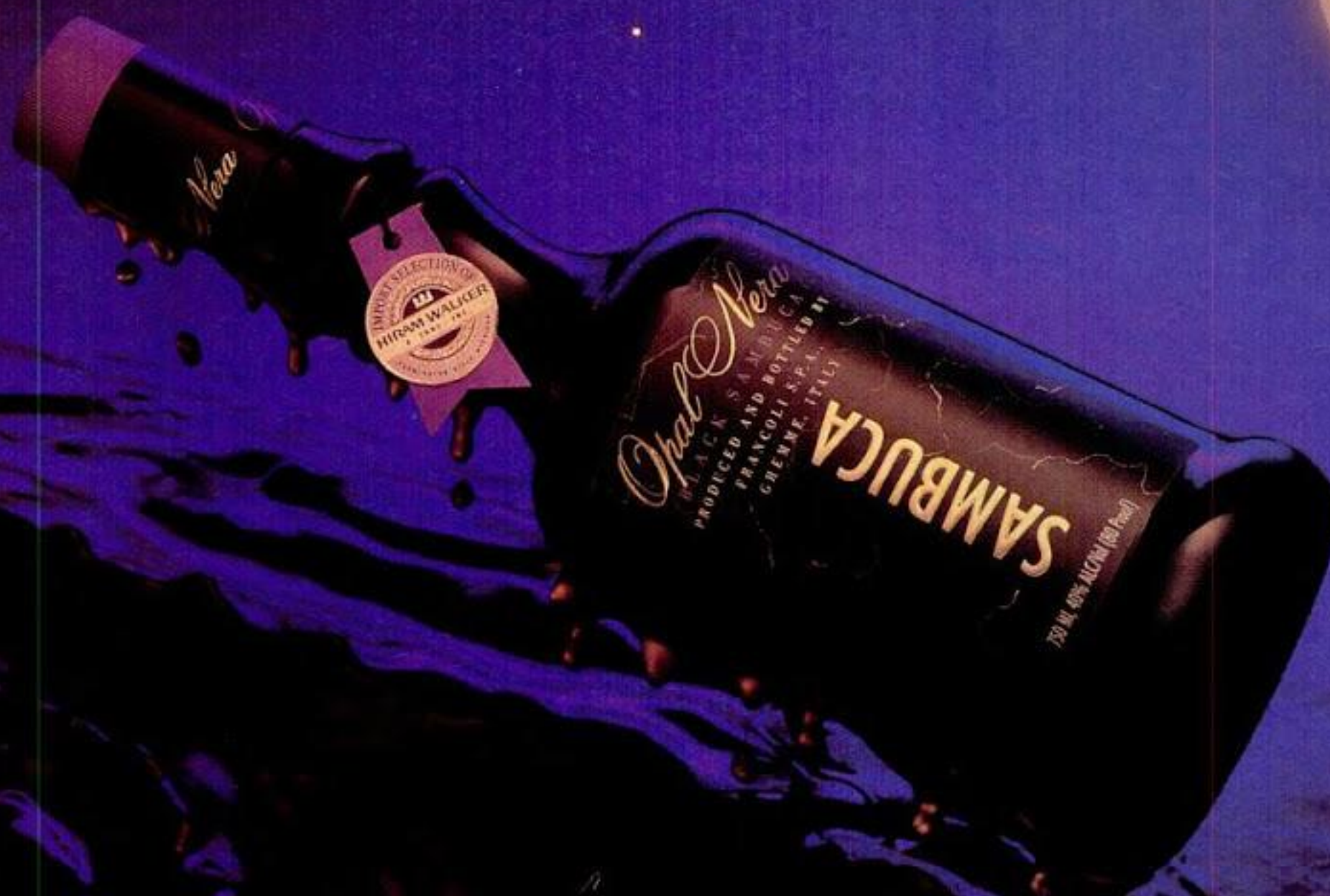
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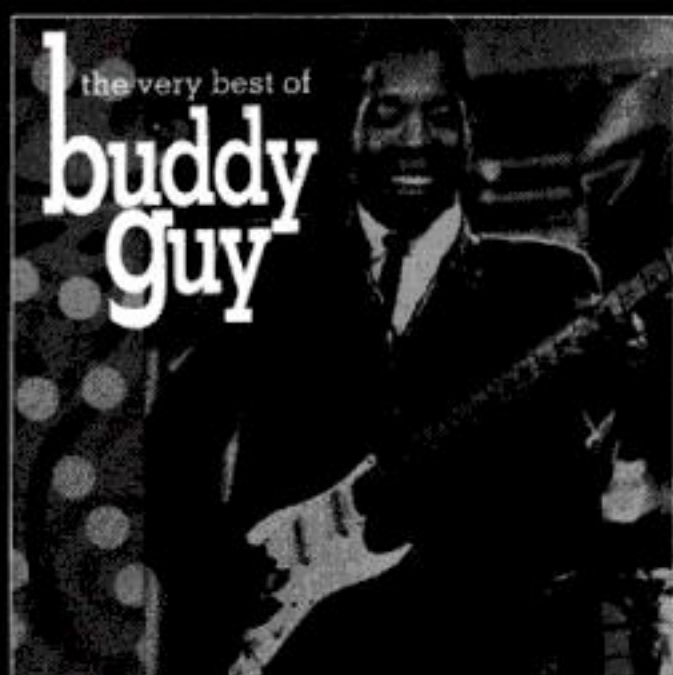
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RHINO



works by Ron English, an artist who originally made a name for himself defacing billboards all over Texas. The exhibit, called "Hey! My Kid Could Do That!" and consisting of paintings and drawings created by preschool children and "remastered" by English, shows that he deserves his reputation as an "outlaw artist." But maybe we're being unfair—after all, our June 1989 article "My Kid Could Do That," about an exhibit we set up in a Manhattan gallery of paintings created by preschool children, didn't have "Hey!" in its title.

Michele Trester of Brooklyn

writes, "I went to high school with Gena Feist. I was wondering what happened to her." You weren't the only one. Our mention in September of our old correspondent Gena, Hunter College High School Class of '87, also elicited a query from James Wetterau of Manhattan, Class of '86: "Could you check the rumor that Gena had a baby?" He also says that when he first saw her name in this column many years ago, he thought it must be some other Gena Feist, because her affection for Elvis Costello (and indeed for SPY) seemed too mainstream for the punk-rock girl he'd known at Hunter. Fortunately—thrillingly—we also have a new letter from Gena herself, who assures us that she had only stopped writing to SPY, not reading it. Though she doesn't discuss babies, the letter is otherwise very informative, especially since it is written on the stationery of—brace yourself, Jim—the New York State Assembly. Yes, Gena has "traded Elvis Costello for Howe Glassman [her current boyfriend, a member of an Albany band], New York City for Albany, and combat boots for pumps" and is now working for the government. Almost unbearably pat for a young woman who wrote in her high school yearbook just five years ago, "I don't believe in the system—because nothing it does makes sense to me." Not surprisingly, that is the official philosophy of our average 18-year-old reader.

We got an enormous amount of mail this month regarding September's "50 Stupidest College Courses in America." None of them warmed our hearts as much as one from the University of Georgia ("Camp Counseling," "Leisure Studies" et al.). An anonymous friend sent along a copy of a personal letter from a U. of G. professor to a Georgia newspaper columnist who'd apparently mentioned our article. The professor wrote, "The rather narrow-minded perspective presented in SPY would be unnecessarily dignified with a letter to the editor." Meanwhile, SPY received not one but *three* unnecessarily dignifying letters to the editor from U. of G. faculty and administrators. We'll grade them on a curve. ☺

CORRECTIONS

In September's "How to Drive the Little People Crazy: Confessions of a Celebrity Book Publicist," we incorrectly characterized Yvonne "Lily Munster" DeCarlo as dead. (Our guilt was assuaged slightly by DeCarlo's comment in the *National Enquirer* that "people have come up to me and said, 'Yvonne, I'm so glad to see you! I thought you were dead!'") And in October's "Separated at Birth?" we incorrectly characterized creationist William Jennings Bryan as evolutionist Clarence Darrow. ☺

Ask Camille Paglia

Having difficulties in your romantic life? Troubles with your parents? Boss? Can't decide whether you're a feminist or postfeminist? SPY is pleased to announce that Camille Paglia—the author of *Sexual Personae* and *Sex, Art, and American Culture*—has agreed to offer advice and guidance to those of you who want help. *This is for real.* Send your letters to Ask Camille Paglia, SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. All letters become property of SPY. ☺

monthly comic book. The panel where Tipper hits Barbara with a PMRC sticker is priceless! You really have a good idea here.

Name withheld
Van Nuys, California

Other Voices, Other Letters

Thank you for the update on Spinal Tap manager Ian Faith in your July/August issue ["Spinal Tap Killed Me...but I Wouldn't Stay Dead!"]. Please also look into keyboardist Viv Savage. Tap claims he is also dead, but Savage is around, begging to get back in the band. What's the real story here? Thanks.

Edward Siebert
Orange, California

Ian Faith replies, "My heart goes out to Vivian 'Viv' Savage, victimized like myself by the ruthless and unprincipled power grab of the hallowed name and tradition of Spinal Tap by Tufnell, St. Hubbins and Smalls—a move that finds its most appropriate echo in the actions of Serbian strongman Slobodan Milosevic. What I'd

like to know is, are the current members of Spinal Tap its actual founding fathers, or imposters? Could the self-alleged trio of Tufnell, St. Hubbins and Smalls simply be actors in wigs?"

Recently I came across your article about Miramax Films [The Industry, by Celia Brady, June], and I want to thank you for finally exposing the brothers Weinstein. However, their exploitation of producers is only the beginning. As an intern in the office of Bob Weinstein, I experienced an extremely abusive work situation. In one instance, I was dispatched to pick up medicine for Bob, and when I asked the name of the pharmacy, he screamed, "Give me a fucking break! Just get the goddamn pills!" I learned to read Bob; if I spotted him holding an OptiFast container in the morning, I knew it was going to be a banner day.

As for Harvey, he is far from the witty guy who writes cute articles for *Premiere*. He was known around the office as "the monster." He

threatened underlings with their dismissal and fought with Bob so much that the sound of slamming doors was an everyday occurrence.

When I applied for a job at William Morris, the first thing the interviewer said to me was, "If you can work for Bob Weinstein, you must be a trouper. It sounds like one sick company." Coming from an agent, that comment says volumes.

Name withheld
New York

I know this is a little late, but here's an anagram.


PRESIDENT H. ROSS PEROT

SHORT PERSON; DIRE PEST

Steve Smith
Boston, Massachusetts

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JANUARY 1993 SPY 15

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Culture Shock

It's a new year, and before his first anniversary as publisher, *Times* Überboss Arthur "Pinch" Sulzberger Jr. has presided over several very queer executive editorial changes at the paper. D.C.-bureau chief Howell Raines, for example, is well liked and a good bet to run the paper early in the next century, but his colleagues wonder if he has the intellectual heft for his new job, running the editorial page. His replacement as bureau chief was supposed to be his deputy, Phil Taubman, but Taubman was passed over in favor of 273-pound gorilla Johnny-Apple, a move that has apparently angered not only Taubman, who's now looking to ditch D.C., but colleagues such as foreign editor Steve Weisman as well.

Raines steps into the editorial-page shoes of Jack Rosenthal, who has been made editor of the *Times Magazine*. Rosenthal is a mensch but, again, an odd choice to run the magazine, whose revival calls for a certain pizzazz that he heretofore hasn't much manifested.

But all this is merely overture. The move the newsroom is clearing out of the way to watch is the purge of *Magazine* editor Warren Hoge, the token WASP in the operation (think of him as Robert Duvall to Pinch's Al Pacino). After the New Year he'll be chief culture editor, a position that Paul Goldberger thought he already held. Goldberger is visibly unhappy about having to work even nominally under Hoge; lines of authority around him are already impossibly muddled, with second-rate media-beat editor Marty Arnold working under but not for Goldberger.

For Hoge's part, the job of culture boss was the best he could grab after being forced from the *Magazine*. Sulzberger likes Hoge a lot, and offered to make him style editor, but Hoge demanded all of culture. Despite objections from the paper's actual editors, Max Frankel and Joe Lelyveld, Sulzberger consented. Over at the *Magazine*, deputy editor Claudia Payne had been desperate for a

long, long time for Hoge's departure—only then, she'd been told, would she be permitted to move elsewhere, since *somebody* had to run things while Hoge was out schmoozing and otherwise being inattentive. Now that Hoge is out, Payne does get her transfer—and, thanks to a strategic job discussion or two with *Vogue* editor Anna Wintour, to the entirely new position of *Times* fashion director.

In the new culture court, the one hope Goldberger has is that Hoge will be consumed by administrative tasks. In the two years he has been culture editor, Goldberger has done an adequate if unspectacular job. Before *The New Yorker* started stripping *The New Republic* of its best writers, Goldberger had plucked its music and architecture critics, Edward Rothstein and Herbert Muschamp. (Goldberger, it seems, couldn't quite bear to formalize his own passing as architecture critic, and took more

than a year to replace himself.) He oversaw the splendid move of Bernard Weinraub from the Washington bureau to Hollywood. On the other hand, he oversaw the demotion of the exciting, funny Alex Witchel from theater columnist to reporter. Of course, the *Times* was in a tight spot. Either Witchel or her husband, Frank Rich (who is paid six figures), had to go, given the unacceptable confluence between her take on behind-the-scenes Broadway and his reviews of the same shows. And her columns caused the *Times* even more headaches than his cruel reviews.

Now Goldberger has Hoge to deal with, and neither of them is happy. Despite the fact that Hoge's culture job will allow him to act like a big shot in the glummy circles he enjoys, he feels demoted. And Goldberger feels betrayed. When Joe Lelyveld gave Goldberger the job two years ago, a source close to Lelyveld admits, he assured Goldberger of a direct report. At least one major magazine editor was sufficiently assuming of

Goldberger's unhappiness that the editor inquired as to whether Goldberger might be interested in a full-time writing job. Not long afterward, Goldberger was spotted darting into a certain Condé Nast office warren.

—J. J. Hunsecker



Warren and Paul

**Culture editor was the best job
Hoge could grab after being forced
from the *Times Magazine***



GET SERIOUS



Hooray for Tadjikistan!

So has anything really changed? After all the turmoil of the past month, everyone looked up to see that the two biggest beneficiaries were none other than Disney Studios chairman Jeffrey "Sparky" Katzenberg and Creative Artists Agency chairman Mike "the Manipulator" Ovitz. Like a former Soviet republic, Hollywood has undergone a revolution only to wind up with the same old tyrants in power.

This year Disney has the biggest market share of any studio, but the mood in Mousechwitz was getting unsteady and uncertain. So it was nice timing for the company's two American-owned competitors, Paramount and Fox, to lose their bosses *and* have no real plans for the future. Also, Joe Roth's deal—he left the chairmanship of Fox to produce movies under Katzenberg—is a good one for Disney. And who brokered that deal for Roth and will therefore have someone at Disney, traditionally an unfriendly studio, who owes him a lot? Ovitz. Meanwhile, the commotion in agentdom created by ICM's expensive absorption of InterTalent and by William Morris's semimerger with Triad has shaken loose anxious stars and directors and sent them, in the main, toward CAA. For example, Brad Pitt, the hottest young actor in the business, left Morris for CAA just before Halloween.

Practically everyone in Hollywood believes that Paramount Pictures chairman Brandon Tartikoff was fired and did not really resign because of his daughter's infirmity—at best, he jumped overboard before he was thrown. Stanley Jaffe, the impossible president of Paramount Communications, was thrilled last year when he hired Tartikoff—"This is the greatest day in Paramount history," he told a former top Paramount executive—but soon changed his mind. For months the word on Tartikoff was that he just wasn't a movie guy, he was a TV guy, that he just wasn't getting it.

Just before he announced his resignation, Tartikoff himself confided to a friend, "Everyone is against me." Nevertheless, he has insisted even to close friends that his family is the real explanation. He has also nobly claimed that by quitting he would forgo any severance. In fact, Paramount lawyers have prepared papers for a settlement between him and the studio.

Tartikoff is a TV guy, and his departure may ultimately be the right thing for everyone, but right now Paramount is left in a mess. Jaffe is hated universally—Dick Snyder, the head of Simon and Schuster, a Paramount company, tells friends he has never worked for a bigger jerk. This from a man who has been humiliated by Paramount boss of bosses Martin Davis on many occasions and is himself roundly loathed. Sherry Lansing, who was Jaffe's producing partner until he took the Paramount job, will take over Paramount's motion-picture group. Her last reign at a studio—at Fox—was mediocre; Jaffe picked her because she may be

the only person in town who can (barely) stand to work for him.

As for Joe Roth, his exit represents a pretty big risk on the part of his autocratic boss Rupert Murdoch, who believes he can run a movie studio better than the man—Roth—who headed Fox during the two most successful years of its history. Peter Chernin, the head Fox TV programmer, whose movie experience consists of a brief stint at Lorimar Films, will titularly replace Roth and serve as Murdoch's malleable functionary. He looks at his boss with a sort of adoring

Nancy Reagan gaze.

When Murdoch once told a visitor that *he* had invented reality television—not Chernin or Steve Chao—Chernin sat by nodding vigorously.

The most unjust winner in the agents' musical-chairs game was Bill Block, the work-hard-play-way-too-hard InterTalent founder who jumped ship for ICM. (So now Bill Block gets a million

bucks—for what? His way with babes?) Maybe the unwholesome Block will be to gentlemanly ICM chair-

man Jeff Berg what Jon Peters was to Peter Guber, the id to his superego.

The good news is, Block was made terribly upset by the *New Yorker* item that quoted an anonymous "acquaintance" calling him



**Just before he left Paramount,
Brandon Tartikoff confided,
"Everyone is against me"**

TOM
CRUISE

JACK
NICHOLSON

DEMI
MOORE



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The Industry & The Webs continued

"vampiric." As it happens, the acquaintance was none other than Tina Brown, the magazine's editor. (Brown has also been snubbing Ovitz these days, even in public, since he's no longer of any use to her.) By the way, just how long had Block been planning the betrayal of the colleagues he left behind? Last summer he was telling major magazines that he wanted some Bill Block profiles written, timed to come out in mid-November.

All the changes and opportunities in his business must be making Ovitz feel young again. Shortly after the Morris-Triad announcement, he appeared at The Grill, a restaurant favored by Morris people. He didn't eat—he just walked around checking out who was with whom, and then left. How remarkable to live in a place where the sharks aren't even obliged to *pretend* to be anything else.

If Katzenberg and Ovitz are both now better off, their relationship is intriguing. At the same time they were negotiating about Roth, Katzenberg was playing a major behind-the-scenes role in the ICM-InterTalent deal, making many, many anti-Ovitz calls urging people to join ICM. In the midst of all this, Katzenberg and Ovitz had lunch together at, of course, Cicada.

Trims and Ends: Here's the newest obligatory catch-phrase: "Have him send a G." Said by a star's person to a studio person, this doesn't mean a thousand dollars. It means a Gulfstream jet. First-class air travel is no longer enough, ever since Jann Wenner and Arnold got jets. David Geffen is said to be already worried that his Gulfstream 4 has been mooted in megacoolness by the forthcoming Gulfstream 5.

See you Monday night at Mortons; I'll be the one counting my frequent-flier miles. —Celia Brady

Another entertainment-industry to-

talitarian, Barry Diller, recently made headlines just by having lunch. After he ate at the Four Seasons with NBC chairman Bob Wright, *The Wall Street Journal* and the *Los Angeles Times* (America's most boring major newspaper) leapt breathlessly to the conclusion that a Diller purchase of NBC was imminent, to be financed by Herbert (*never* Herbie) Allen, every show business power broker's billionaire pal. In fact, such a deal was nowhere near being consummated. Still, Diller's outright denials of acquisition talks were also untrue. He and Allen have been talking to GE about taking NBC off its hands, but the sides are still many hundreds of millions of dollars apart on price.

Diller will never be able to acquire NBC, insists an executive at an entertainment company that also wants to buy the network. That entertainment company is not Paramount—shortly before he resigned, Tartikoff told a friend that Paramount was not going to acquire NBC, either.

The company will probably come cheap. Every part of the network has remained demoralized for two solid years since Tartikoff left, and since arrogant little News president Mike Gartner effectively abdicated. The most recent example of Gartner's disengagement was the nicely timed two-week vacation he recently took—during the presidential debates and the campaign's final stretch, and while the company was dealing with Diller.

Dealing with Diller can be hard. A year ago the Democratic National Committee sent an emissary to hear his ideas on marketing its brand of politics. He and his yes-boys yakked and yakked while the DNC person sat there attentively. Within a few hours, Diller phoned DNC chairman Ron Brown in a rage, fuming that the emissary had a problem with gays.

—Laureen Hobbs

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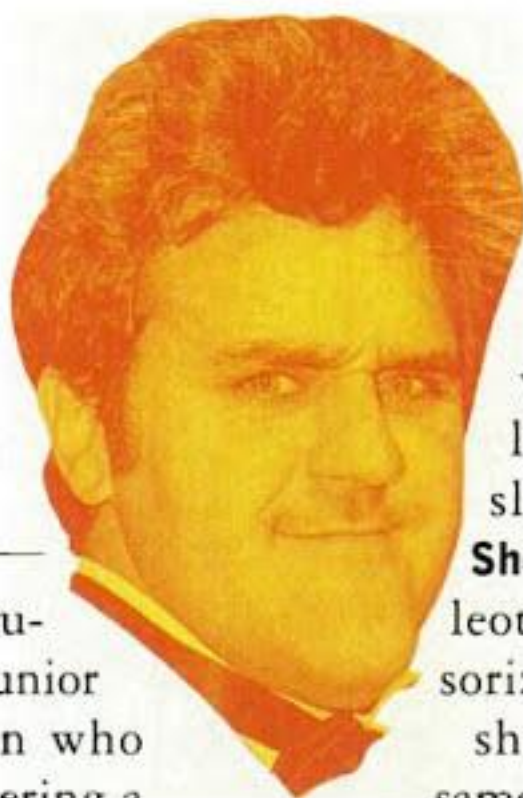
The Usual Suspects

1

It was just before Election Day, and President-elect **Clinton's** strategist **James Carville** had become increasingly crazed, even taking to wearing his Jay clothes inside out. Over the course of the campaign, Carville's petty cruelty had made him notorious among his junior staff. He seemed to target the women who worked for him—once, for example, answering a staff member's request to sit in on a meeting with *You can stay with me all day, you're so purty*. Near the end, an underling refused to play along when he asked if he could pay her \$100 to crack three eggs over her head during a strategy session. Despite her refusal, toward the end of the session Carville produced a carton of eggs—this was Arkansas—and repeated, *I'll give you \$100 if I can crack three eggs over your head*. She actually hid under a table, at which point Carville apoplectically demanded, *Get up from under that damn table!* Finally he addressed the rest of his wary corps: *Who will let me give them \$100 to crack three eggs over their head?* Deputy communications director **Bob Boorstin** agreed Sydney Carton-ishly to the deal. Cackling, Carville broke *two* eggs over Boorstin's head and then said deviously, *I think I'll stop there*.

2

Some stars actually don't like being recognized when they're out in public, but not any we can think of offhand. Certainly not



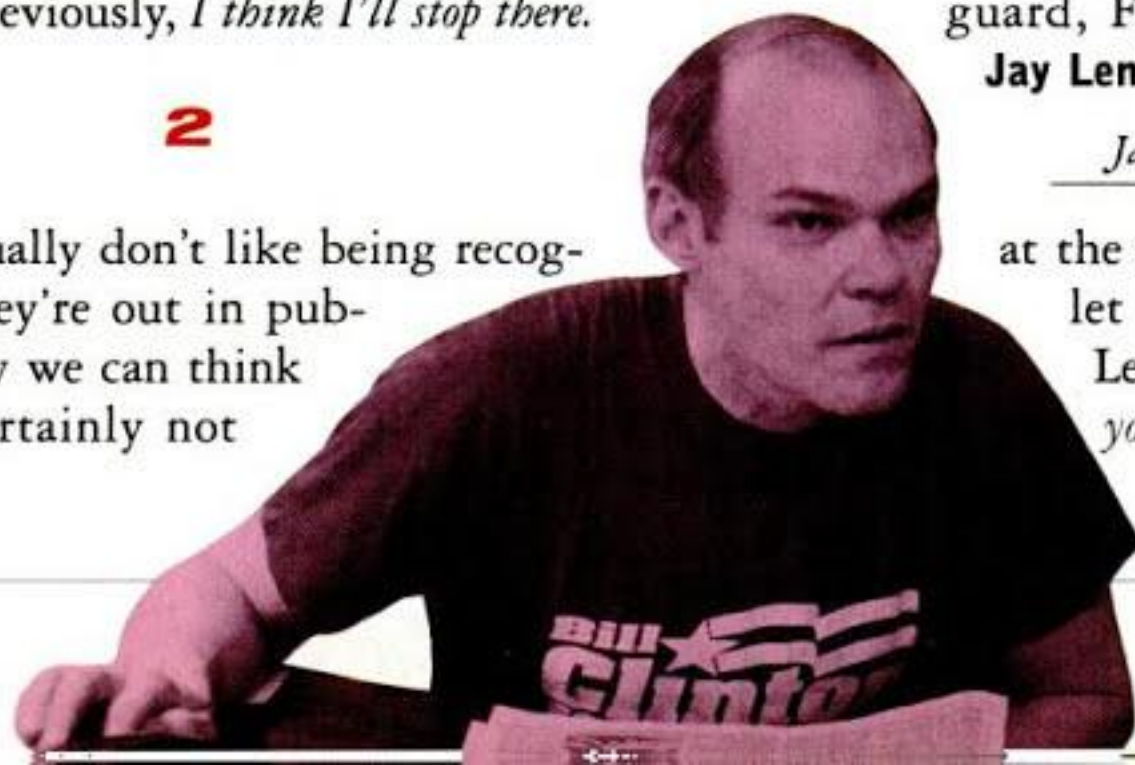
mall-culture superstar **Michael Bolton**, who, on a Century City multiplex escalator recently, shared his space with his slatternly actress girlfriend, **Nicolette Sheridan**. Sheridan was dressed in only a leotard and skimpy sweat shorts, accessorized with a cellular phone—on which she spoke animatedly. At around the same moment on the opposite coast, **Denzel Washington** browsed in a Greenwich Village newsstand clad in his cast-and-crew-only X jacket and, after some time, purchased a copy of *L.A. Style*—the one with Denzel Washington on the cover.

Nicolette

3

Ponytailed movie guy **Steven Seagal** was the target of a less-than-friendly inside joke on a recent *Saturday Night Live* during guest host **Nicholas Cage's** obligatory faux-spontaneous backstage conversation with producer **Lorne Michaels**. *Are you saying I'm the biggest jerk you've ever had host the show?*, Cage asked. No, said Michaels, *that would be Steven Seagal*. Shortly thereafter, Seagal appeared on *The Tonight Show* the same evening as SNL writer **Al Franken**. During a commercial break, Seagal leaned over and, in his most thuggish fashion, asked, *What was that supposed to mean?* Caught off guard, Franken hemmed and hawed until **Jay Leno** interrupted to explain, in an out-and-out lie, that the SNL joke actually had not been at the expense of Seagal. Appeased, Seagal let the matter drop. Later that night, Leno gloated to Franken, *Boy, I saved your ass.* ☾

James





A Day in *You Bet Your Life*

How Lovable Is Bill Cosby?

When the original *You Bet Your Life* was broadcast, people complained that Groucho Marx humiliated his regular-folks guests on the air. The revived show with Bill Cosby follows that tradition, except that his guests aren't treated well *off* the air either. Here's the diary of a recent contestant.

THURSDAY NIGHT

10:30 p.m. Our jet lands in Philadelphia. A show representative gives us a dinner voucher for the hotel restaurant, good until 11:00 p.m. We arrive at 11:10. We're told that the coffee shop is open, but we will have to use our own money.

FRIDAY

11:30 a.m. We still have a chance to use our show-provided meal voucher for lunch. Unfortunately, we're told that "we'll depart for the studio *at any moment*." The coffee shop has a take-out sandwich bar, we're told, but we'll have to use our own money. Ninety minutes later, we're still lounging around the lobby.

1:20 p.m. We arrive at the studio, to be sequestered for four hours before taping. Our coordinator twice starts to tell us the rules but leaves the room. We're also supposed to be shown the pilot episode, which contains the rules, but it's aborted so that we can go to makeup. A

producer asks if we understand the rules. No. "But you saw the pilot, right?" No. "Play them the pilot!" he orders. But now we have to leave for rehearsal. We never do understand the rules, and make foolish bets that irritate Bill Cosby and cost most of us the chance to win an extra \$10,000.

Just before we tape, a producer tells one contestant, "Your job is to make Mr. Cosby look good. Don't try to make yourself look good, or he'll chew you up and spit you out."

5:00 p.m. Show time!

—Craig Broude

The Fine Print

by Jamie Malanowski



Putting on the White House Feed Bag

Thumbing through *The New York Times* not long ago, we discovered the guest list for a state dinner at the White House honoring Boris Yeltsin. The usual government and corporate leaders were there, but so was Kristi Yamaguchi, whose gold-medal-winning skating no doubt impressed the Russians. She was joined by *Major Dad*'s Gerald McRaney, who was no doubt being softened up before being asked to introduce Marilyn Quayle at the

GOP convention, and actress Betty White. Is Yeltsin a fan of *The Golden Girls*?

Below is a list of some famous people who've chowed down at the White House during the last three presidencies. It is interesting to note that Andy Warhol was invited by both Carter and Reagan (he didn't live long enough to be invited by Bush), and Jack Valenti was invited by all three.

Jimmy Carter held few state dinners, and his guest lists were correspondingly celebrity-light: Eddie Albert, Bill Clinton "and Hillary" ▶

Private Lives of Public Figures



Senator and Mrs. Edward Kennedy head home from a New Year's Eve party in Georgetown.

Illustration by Drew Friedman

Rodham," Francis Ford Coppola, Kirk Douglas, Peter Falk, Don King, Eppie Lederer (Ann Landers) twice, Larry McMurtry, Gerardo Rivera, Kenny Rogers, Valenti twice and Warhol.

The guests of Ronald Reagan included *his own kind*—Cindy and Joey Adams, Pearl Bailey (twice), Ernest Borgnine, Sid Caesar, Kitty Carlisle Hart, Cyd Charisse (twice), Joan Collins, Arlene Dahl, Olivia de Havilland, Buddy Ebsen, Nanette Fabray, Eva Gabor, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Lillian Gish, Merv Griffin, Helen Hayes, Charlton Heston (three times), Bob Hope, Danny Kaye, Jerry Lewis, Art Linkletter, Mary Martin (twice), Joel McCrea, Fred MacMurray, Ricardo Montalban, Jane Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Ginger Rogers, Mickey Rooney, Dinah Shore, Frank Sinatra (three times), Red Skelton, Danny Thomas, Esther Williams, Robert Young, Loretta Young and Efrem Zimbalist Jr.—as well as *younger B- and C-list show business people*: Paul Anka, Ann-Margret, Carol Burnett, Vikki Carr, Richard Chamberlain, Robert Conrad, Vic Damone, Robert Goulet, Linda Gray, Don Johnson (as well as Philip Michael Thomas), Rock Hudson (as well as Jim Nabors), Julio Iglesias, Stacy Keach, Cheryl Ladd, Rich Little, Johnny Mathis, Roger Moore, Pat Morita, Wayne Newton (twice), Olivia Newton-John, George Peppard, Joe Piscopo, Stefanie Powers, Tony Randall, Jane Seymour, Brooke Shields, Sally Struthers, Alan Thicke, (continued on page 28)



Absolutely Fourth Achilles

SPY Presents the Dylan-o-Matic

Bob Dylan has just celebrated the 30th anniversary of his Columbia recording career, and as our own special tribute we've devised the Dylan-o-matic. Now you too can write the words to a Dylan song: Simply combine the items in the columns below as randomly as you'd like. Don't read straight across, though—those combinations are from actual Dylan lyrics!

—Paul Iorio

A	B	C	D
The drunken	politician	leaps	upon the street
That big dumb	blonde	with a wheel	in the gorge
The heart-attack	machine	is	strapped across their shoulders
The leading	actor	hurried by	in the costume of a monk
The savage	soldier	sticks his head	in sand
The rain	man	leaves	in the wolfman's disguise
The poor little	chauffeur	was	back in bed
My patron	saint	is a-fightin,	with a ghost
The cowboy	angel	rides	with his candle lit
The shoeless	hunter	remains	upon the beach
The one-eyed	undertaker	blows	a futile horn
The neon	madman	climbs	on Grand Street
The wildest	cat	passes	by in a flash
Some old	whore	advances	on your spirit
Nature's	beast	fears	as they come
The fisherman's	daughter	floats	into my room

Vu or Déjà Vu?

A Salute to Photographic Memory: No. 1 in a Series



◀
Playboy's
Miss April
1967

▶
Vanity Fair's
Miss October
1992



"I have a lot of sexual fantasies about women, but I'm mostly fulfilled by being with a man."

—Carlo Panno

She made
the blues rock for
THE FIRST TIME.

She changed
rock 'n' roll for
ALL TIME.

But she's been
saving herself for
THE RIGHT TIME

ETTA JAMES THE RIGHT TIME

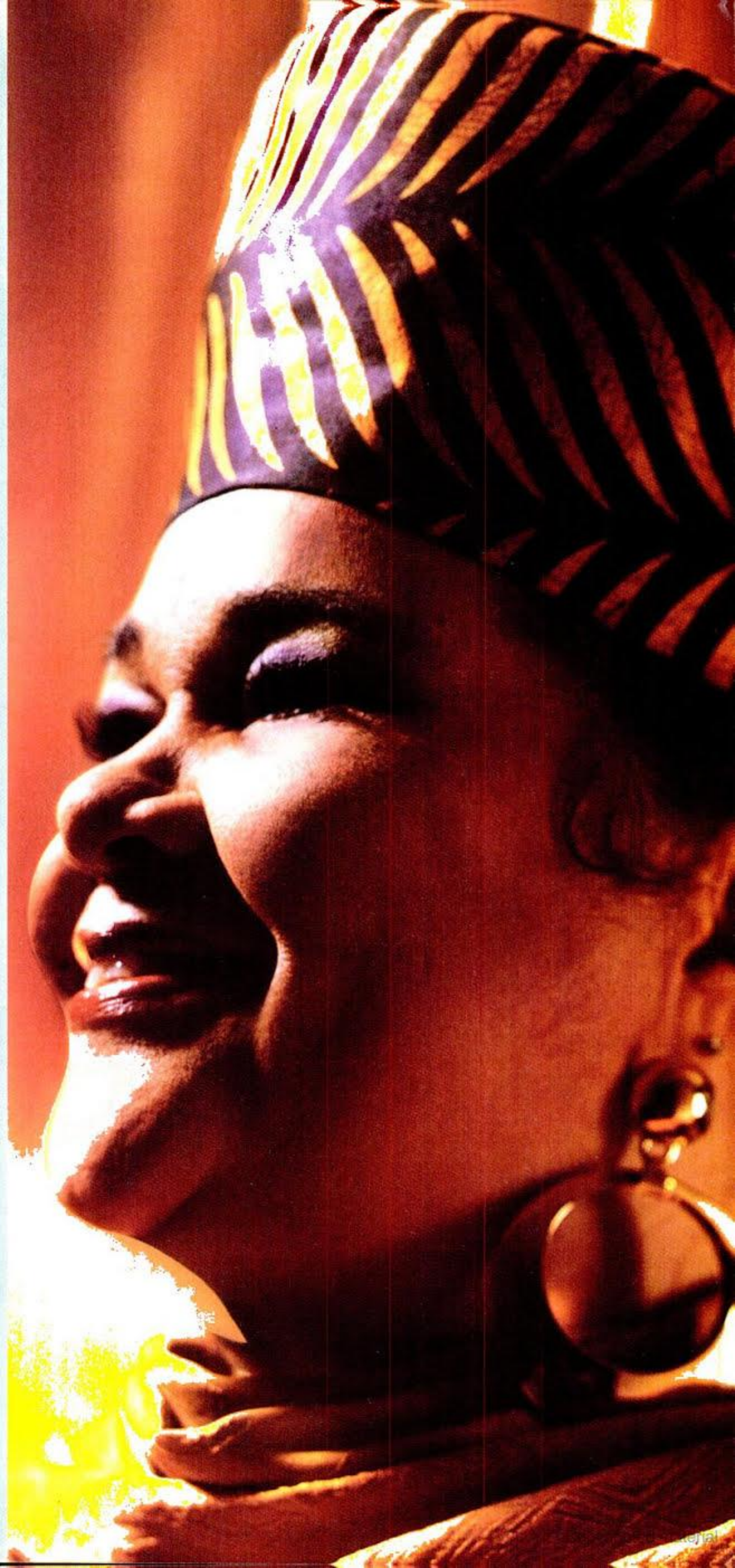
Produced by Jerry Wexler,
recorded in Muscle Shoals and featuring
some of soul music's greatest session
players, *The Right Time* is the new album
from 1993 Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame
inductee Etta James.



Elektra

On Elektra Compact Discs
and **STEREO** Cassettes

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Communications Inc. A Time Warner Company.



You Shoot, You Score!

A SPY Prank: Our Guide to Picking Up Girls th

Wilt Chamberlain claimed in his recent autobiography, *A View from Above*, that he had slept with 20,000 women. He didn't really provide any tips, however, and now says that he won't even answer questions about the book if they concern his sexual habits. Realizing that Wilt's modesty has probably gotten the better of him, we decided that the only way we could learn from the master would be if we induced him to give a clinic unwittingly. So, calling ourselves Regina Olsen, we sent him a letter on quality girl-letterhead paper and confessed how we had slavishly followed his career. We also enclosed a photo of a 16-year-old model, supposedly taken by Regina's roommate Gwen. We sent similar letters to 42 other men who acted as a control group, and most did not reply, although Regina did have long conversations with Garrison Keillor, who told her, "I'm—I don't know—sort of high and dry in the city in some ways," and painter David Salle, who invited her up to his studio "to see what the next generation is think-

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, TWO MONTHS AFTER SENDING THE LETTER, REGINA RECEIVES A TELEGRAM.

Regina—call this number: (310) 476- ----. Gwen takes a nice picture. M. Chamberlain.

WE CALL.

Wilt Chamberlain: Hello?

SPY: Hello! Is this Mr. Chamberlain? Speaking.

Hi! This is Regina Olsen.

This is, uh, Regina, with the roommate Gwen?

That's exactly right. {Both laugh.} How are you doing?

Well, I am not doing bad, Regina. Good.

I'm not sure which you are, whether you're Gwen or Regina. I'm Regina.

I'm only kidding you, Regina.

Gwen is the blond. I'm the brunet.

And the two of y'all together are the terrible twosome.

That's right, pretty much on the East Coast, leaving it up to you and your friend on the West.

Yeah.

Oh, thank you so much for the telegram, I have never received anything quite so exciting....

How long have you been in New York City?

I did all four years of undergrad here...then I decided what I really



Regina

wanted to do was pursue physical ed, which is what I'm doing now.

Physical education.... Because you like basketball? Because you like all those guys running around in all those shorts?

Well, depends who's in the shorts. Everything is relative.

HE OFFERS TO CALL HER BACK.

SPY: Hello?

Chamberlain: Yeah.

Oh, hi, thanks for holding.

That's all right. Olsen is a Swedish name, right?

It is Swedish, although I'm adopted, so I don't really know. I think I'm a little German too, little of this, little of that.

A little. Yeah, how little are you?

How little am I? Oh, about 5 foot 8. Not too little, but it's little compared to you, isn't it?

Like you said, everything is relative.

That's right, everything is relative. I would write A View from the Middle.

[Laughs.] That's pretty good, *A View from the Middle*. Yeah, okay, *A View from the Middle*. That's giving me something to think about....

Well, that's pretty tall for a girl.... What gave you this inclination to write such a nice letter? You read *A View from Above*, when did you read it?

I had a biking accident, about a year

ago, and that's when I read it. I broke my clavicle, I was laying flat on my back for six weeks.

You were entertaining yourself with nothing to do laying on your back. So you sent the letter, the date on it's July 2?

I sent it to your publisher, and I guess it had to weave its way to you. It was such a nice surprise that you responded. I've never done anything like this, ever.

You've never been a daring, adventurous person?

Never in a letter sense....

Where is it that you got this daring to send this letter?

Let's see. I've traveled a lot alone...to Africa and Eastern Europe....I was in Bratislava and Prague....

HE PUTS HER ON HOLD.

Chamberlain: Okay, I'm sorry. Somebody on the other line was just giving me this long dissertation....I'm a big tennis fan and the U.S. Open's going on....I'm normally there for two and a half weeks....So you were in Bratislava? That's unbelievable. I have two girlfriends from Bratislava. In fact, I just talked to one yesterday. They were in New York for the U.S. Open because they have some Czech friends playing....Now, if I saw you walking down the street, young lady—

SPY: Yes?

What would I look at first if I walked past you?

Ummm, that's a hard call. Oh, I don't

Vitt Chamberlain Way

know—I've been told my eyes—and I've been told things a little lower, I'll leave that up to your imagination.

I have just an incredible imagination. My imagination runs away from me and I got to pull my imagination back into check. But what I'm trying to do is put the physicality with the audio, and I'd like to see how good I am....

You have to make it 3-D, instead of just—

I'm makin' it 3-D, that's right, makin' it 3-D....

Okay, let's see...5 foot 8. Very, very thin, until recently....

Uh-huh. You were 5 foot 8 and very, very thin. How much did you weigh at 5 foot 8?

Oh, like 110.

...How old is this picture I'm looking at?...You're definitely a sexy-lookin' lady from that picture....

Oh, thank you, sir.

I'm sure that you knew that, that's why you sent the picture.

No, I don't know, I just didn't want you to think I was a total kook.

Total, total, total kook.

I think if you're gonna send a letter like that, you kinda owe a context....

Some people send pictures like that that belong to somebody else.

Oh, I guarantee that's me....So you're going to be in town next week?...

It would be nice to see what that whole package looks like.

Oh, you haven't taken a look at it yet?

Wait a minute, I'm talking about you as a package!

Oh, I thought you meant the package of events for the weekend. Oh, me! I like to think of myself as a good package.

Being a sensitive, sexual person.

Yes.

Are you sensitive and sexual?

So I'm told.

Who tells you that?

Oh, some friends.

...How old were you the first time you kissed a boy?

Very late. Seventeen.

...What kind of men do you like?

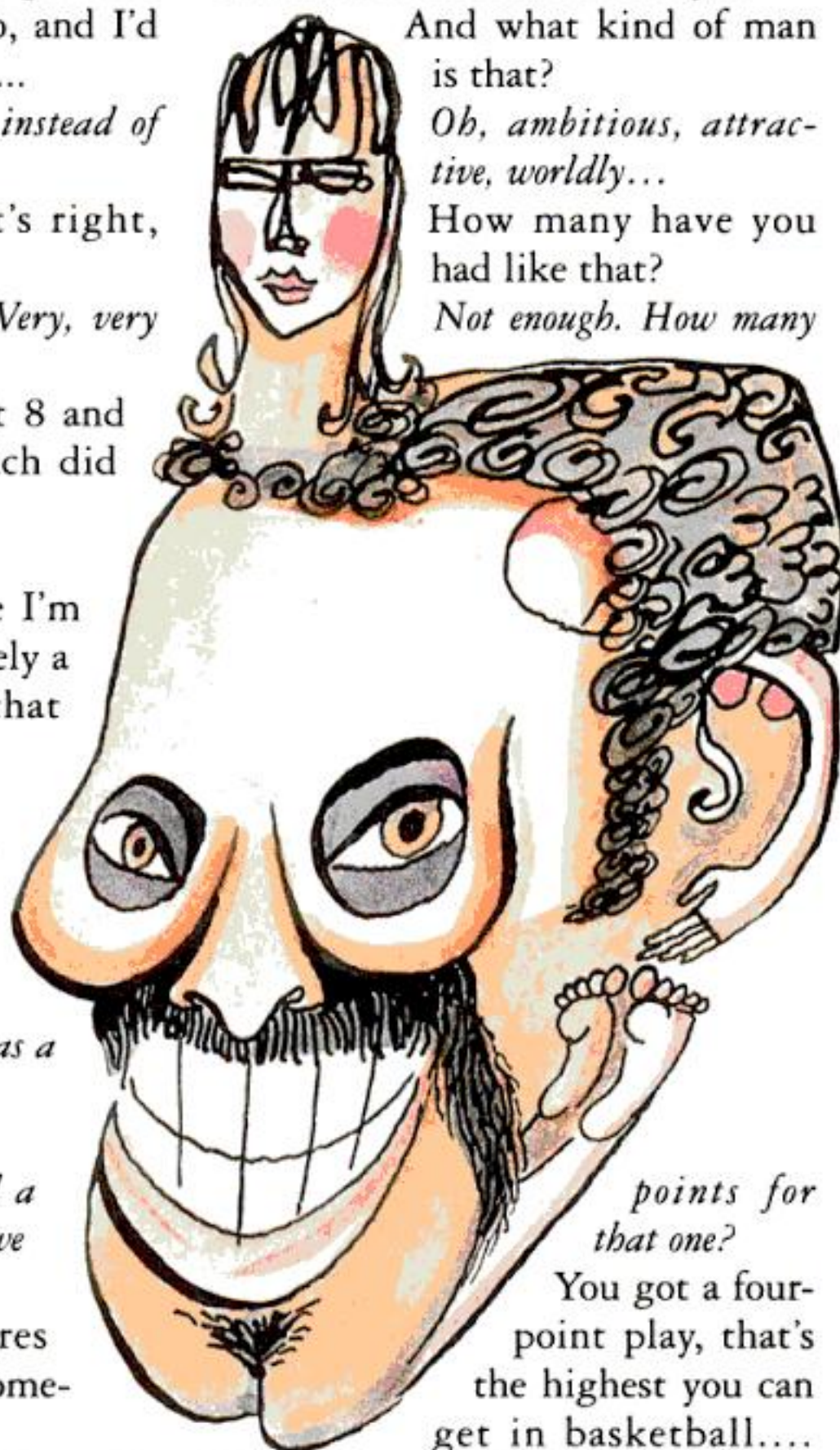
Ummm, in a nutshell, men like you.

And what kind of man is that?

Oh, ambitious, attractive, worldly...

How many have you had like that?

Not enough. How many



points for that one?

You got a four-point play, that's the highest you can get in basketball....

Your picture made you look awfully, awfully, awfully sexy.

It gets worse in person. I was trying to look sort of innocent.

Makes you look like a virgin, like you'd never even seen a guy's thing before....

Yeah.

Do you have any very sexy pictures of yourself? Maybe with those big nipples of yours showing?

No, actually I don't. That's something I'll have to do. Gwen doesn't take those

pictures. Do you take pictures?

Yeah, I take pictures. Why, you want a picture of how big my thing is?

{Laughs.} Well, I don't actually have any—of me.

What is the biggest thing you've ever seen?

Ummm...

Be honest.

I don't know, actually, I've never measured anybody.

You never measured anybody? Well, how big, how big do you think it was? It had to be huge....I want to know different, different things. Did he put it between those beautiful tits of yours?

Not that one. Not the biggest one. But the smallest one did it.

No, a medium one.

A medium one. I was only joking about that....I gotta figure out how...that address of yours, that telegram got there....Maybe I will be coming to New York.

I really hope you do.

That girlfriend of yours, she'll be there, too. What's she like?

Oh, she's a model, too, she's a quote official model, she's tall...but she doesn't know basketball lingo....

{Laughs.} That's good, I like that.

That telegram must have run you a lot! Telegrams are expensive.

Yeah, it broke me. It broke me, you'll have to take me out for some club soda or something....What I'm gonna do is give you a call in a few days, and when you call [back], call collect.

No, no, no, no!

Listen to me. I'm giving you a lesson in economics....

Well, I'll make it up to you when we see each other.

How you gonna make it up to me? Can you give a good body massage?

Actually, yes.

Actually, actually, actually yes. I'm gonna hold you to that. ☺

Karen Valentine, Raquel Welch, Andy Williams and Vanessa Williams. In addition, there were the *Republican action-adventure stars*, such as Clint Eastwood, Chuck Norris, Arnold Schwarzenegger and Tom Selleck; *fashionable writers* like John Irving, John Updike, Mario Vargas Llosa and John Guare; *harbingers of controversy* like Candice Bergen, Daryl Gates, Ross Perot and Clarence Thomas; and, of course, Valenti and Warhol.

George Bush has had plenty of *state-dinner veterans*: Pearl Bailey, Angie Dickinson, Kitty Carlisle Hart, Charlton Heston, Bob Hope, Don Johnson, Johnny Mathis, Roger Moore, Chuck Norris, Sinatra, Stallone, Andy Williams and, of course, Valenti. He has also had some *flavors of the month*, such as Harry Connick Jr., Kevin Costner, Gloria Estefan, Morgan Freeman (twice) and Oprah; *Republicans and old people* like Tony Curtis, Dom DeLuise, Tennessee Ernie Ford, Audrey Hepburn, Angela Lansbury, Barbara Mandrell, Anthony Quinn and Don Rickles; *actresses from canceled Aaron Spelling shows*, like Linda Evans, Jaclyn Smith and Cheryl Ladd; as well as Teri Garr, Garry Shandling and Yanni. ☾

Datebook

Enchanting and

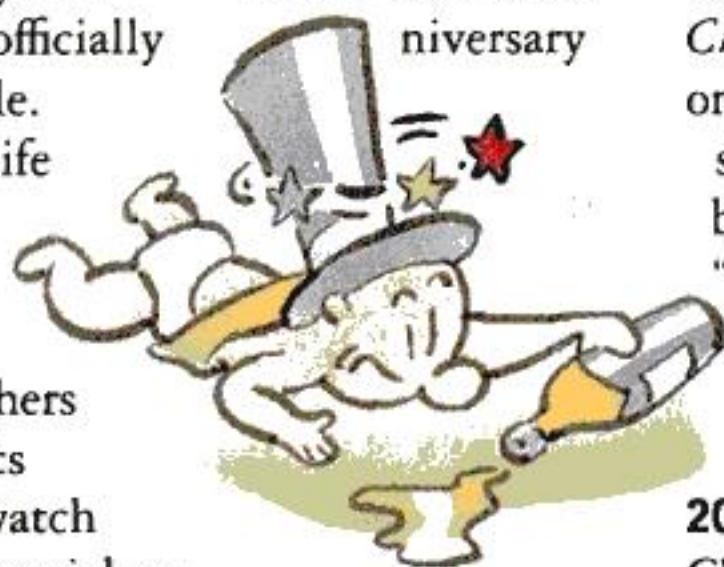
Alarming Events Upcoming

December

1 Woody Allen turns 57. Still eight more years till "dirty old man" is officially applicable.
2 Nightlife activity ceases as America gathers around its TVs to watch the SPY special on NBC at 10:00 p.m. EST. Even the possibility of a full-frontal-nudity encore by Mariel Hemingway on *Civil Wars* fails to draw viewers away from TV event of the year.
5 Strom Thurmond turns 90. The appeal of

term limits is more understandable than ever.

7 The 150th anniversary



of the New York Philharmonic. The celebration at Lincoln Center features a gala concert conducted by Kurt Masur, Zubin Mehta and Pierre Boulez—effectively rendering it the high-culture Traveling Wilburys.

17 Opening night of Patrick Stewart's one-man reprise of *A Christmas Carol* on Broadway. The show is marred by shouts of "Engage!" and "Make it so!" from the audience.

20 First night of Chanukah.

25 Christmas Day.

26 First night of Kwanzaa.

28 Day after the last night of Chanukah, first post-Christmas workday, third day of Kwanzaa.

31 New Year's Eve. In order to coordinate atomic and astronomical time, a "leap-second" is added to the international atomic clock at 6:59:60, Eastern Standard Time. This is reported in local news broadcasts that invariably begin, "If 1992 seemed like a long year..." John Denver turns 49.

January

9 Richard Nixon turns 80. Equally plausible elder

statesman Bob Denver turns 58.

15 At the Learning Alliance in New York, New Age guruess Starhawk conducts an evening of "ritual and celebration.... You will work with group energy in a nonhierarchical framework, and learn...how ritual can help us bond together." It is also the second-anniversary celebration of the deadline that sparked the ritualistic Gulf War.

20 Inauguration Day. SPY readers, who expect biting political commentary, suddenly realize that there's little in this issue regard-



ing the outcome of the election and wake to the reality of the three-month lead time. ☾

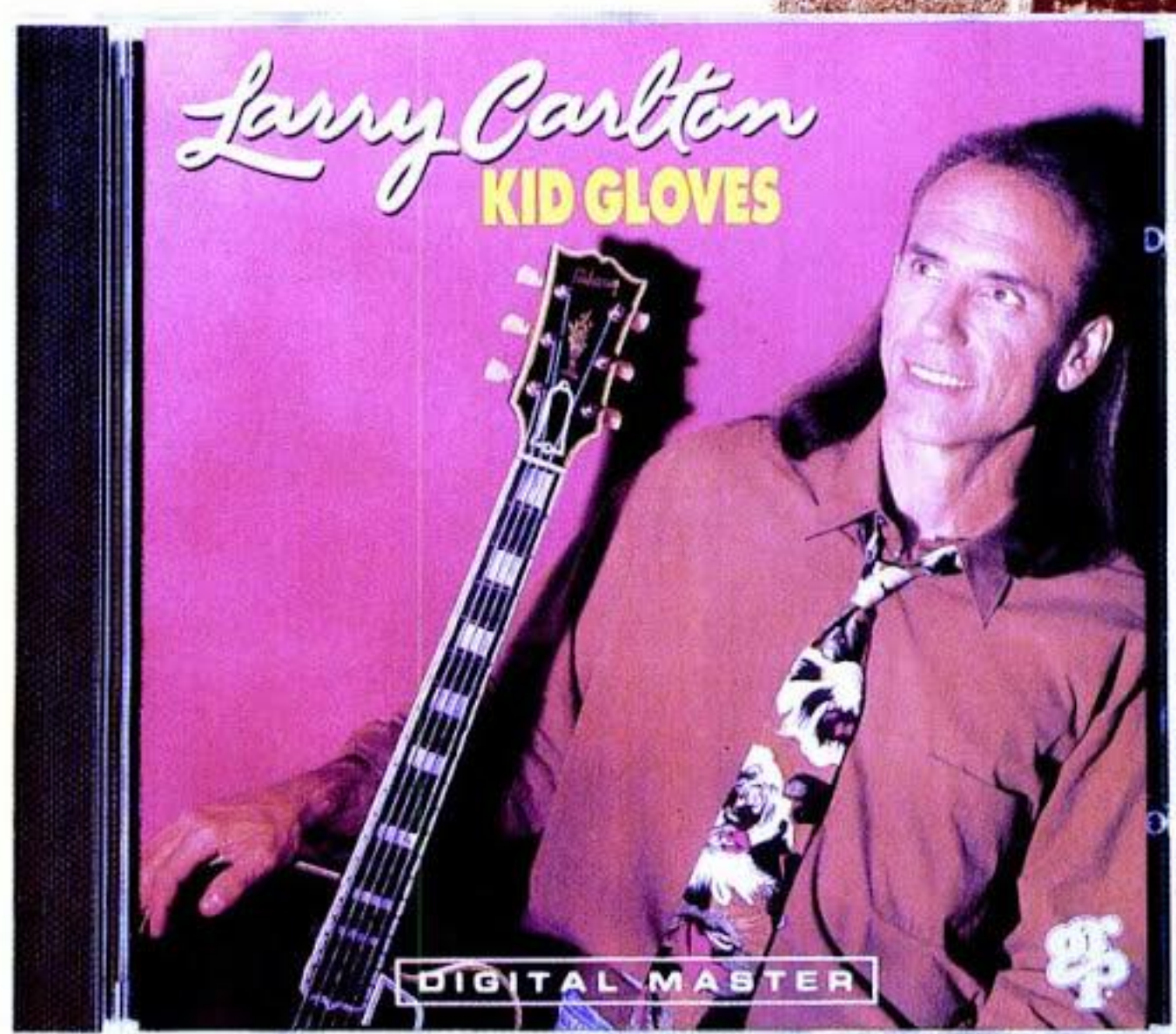
What Comes Around Goes Around

Vaclav Havel HAS BEEN AN ACCLAIMED PLAYWRIGHT, AS HAS **Arthur Miller**, WHO WAS MARRIED TO MARILYN MONROE, AS WAS **Joe DiMaggio**, WHO IS A SPORTS FIGURE WHO HAS DONE COMMERCIALS, AS IS **Tommy Lasorda**, WHO LOST WEIGHT WITH LIQUIDS, AS DID **Oprah Winfrey**, WHO HAS BEEN IN MOVIES, AS HAS **Nancy Reagan**, WHO WAS FIRST LADY, AS WAS **Betty Ford**, WHO HAD COSMETIC SURGERY, AS DID **Ivana Trump**, WHO IS FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA, AS IS **Vaclav Havel**

—Donna Penyak

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P.C. at the Gray Lady—Uh, Brightness-Challenged Womyn

When deadline's approaching and copy's due, how best to describe something quickly and labor-unintensively? If you're a New York Times writer in 1992, there's only one cliché that'll get you to the train on time. Herewith, some of the hundreds of people, places and things that the Times has described recently as "politically correct":

American Me
annual reports
Alec Baldwin
Beauty Without Cruelty makeup
Bel Air
Ben & Jerry's ice cream
Jerry Brown rallies
California grade school books
Consolidated (band)
Kevin Costner
Cross Colours T-shirts, caps
Czechs' Olympic hockey team
department store windows
Early Learning Centre toy stores
Ethiopian cuisine

Ferngully: The Last Rain Forest
The First Wives Club (novel)
hairy vetch tomatoes
Happy to Be Me dolls
Tom Harkin's stump speech
Industria (Manhattan photo studio-party space)
Joseph Kestner's interpretation of *Parsifal*
Mann and Machine
Sean McDonough (CBS Sports)
Miami Hurricanes
Murphy's Law (band)
Native Son
offensive players (in football)

Quintet of the Americas ensemble (at Carnegie Hall)
Mstislav Rostropovich
Rusty Staub
The Stick Wife (play)
Swiss Bank Tower in Manhattan
Tropical Mix nuts-and-dried-fruits snacks
Two Gentlemen of Verona (Cucaracha Theater adaptation)
"The West as America: Reinterpreting Images of the Frontier, 1820-1920"
White Men Can't Jump
—Eric Boehlert

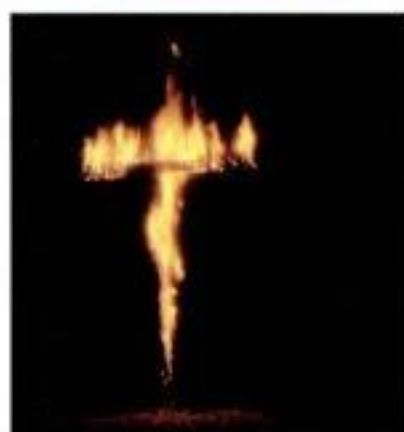
It's a Wonderful Town!



Bus driver and man who claims to have been hit by bus waiting for ambulance on Seventh Avenue.

Photograph by Andrew Savulich

trashing the environment. censorship.
sexual harassment. discrimination.



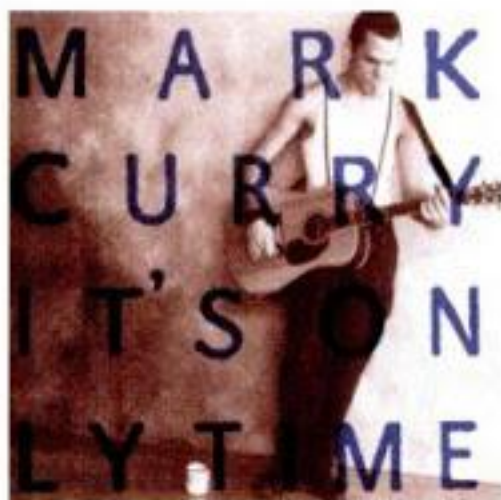
naughty

h o m e b r e w, the new album
from **n e n e h c h e r r y**
featuring the song **m o n e y l o v e**.
the critically acclaimed debut album
from **m a r k c u r r y**
called **i t ' s o n l y t i m e**.
m a i n o f f e n d e r, the
latest solo album from the legendary
k e i t h r i c h a r d s and
k i n g o f h e a r t s by
the late, great **r o y o r b i s o n**
with a stellar cast of producers and performers.

nice



neneh cherry



mark curry



keith richards



roy orbison



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"And Could You Sign It To GHWB, Love Norman?"

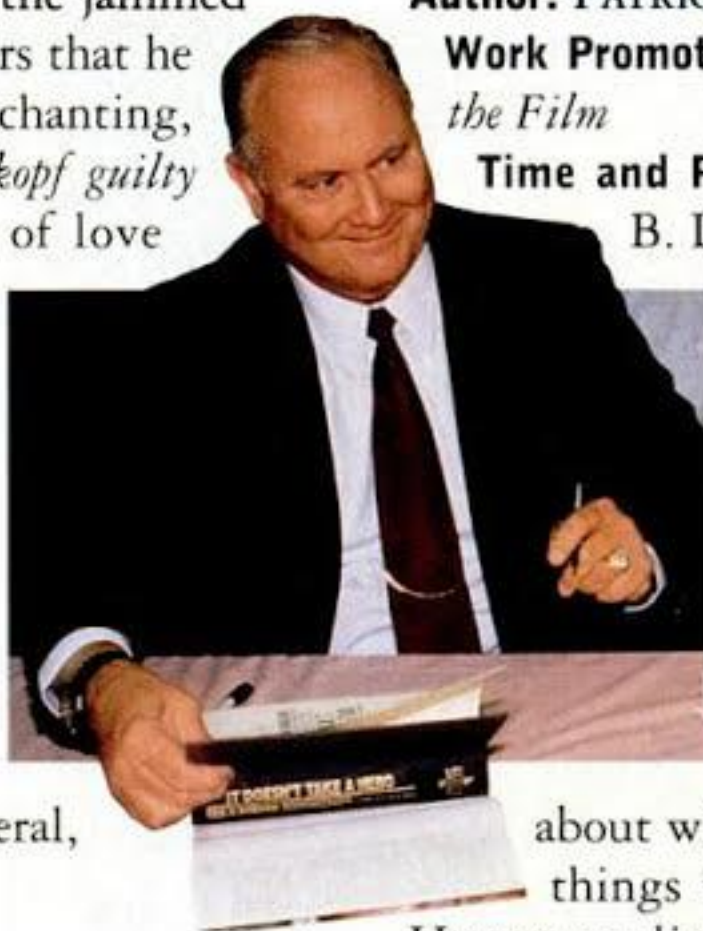
More Celebrity Book Signings Observed

Author: GENERAL H. NORMAN SCHWARZKOPF

Work Promoted: *It Doesn't Take a Hero*

Time and Place: Weekday lunchtime, midtown Barnes & Noble

The Scene: Schwarzkopf, looking like a jumbo prep-py in a blue blazer and khakis, enters the jammed store and immediately informs reporters that he doesn't mind the protesters out front chanting, *Forty-six thousand babies died, Schwarzkopf guilty of genocide*, because the outpouring of love from the American people has been so overwhelming. Indeed, the outpouring is overwhelming: A Disneyland-size line stretches well around the block. People wait more than an hour; one woman, in tears, says, "If I could just shake his hand." Another, a young father, shoves his newborn baby in Schwarzkopf's face and, in baby talk, gushes, "He wuvs you, General, he really, really wuvs you."



Sam Donaldson because his hair is so distracting. "Do you really find it so distracting that you can't follow what he's saying?" Will asks. "It's a toupee, you know."

Author: PATRICK SWAYZE

Work Promoted: *City of Joy: The Illustrated Story of the Film*

Time and Place: Weekday afternoon, midtown B. Dalton

The Scene: "He's doing this out of the goodness of his heart," a publicist makes clear to reporters. "He really has a very large heart." Well, that's one explanation for why Swayze would spend more than two hours autographing a book he didn't write. Swayze starred in the film, which will close quickly and about which he tells a fan, "It validates all the things that should be validated these days." He personalizes each book, smiling all the while, not even blinking when one young woman asks, "Would you make it out to Poppin' Fresh?" Sadly, there is a spot of trouble: A woman asks Swayze to sign a copy of *GQ* with him on the cover. Swayze scowls. He apparently didn't like that the writer called him an "insecure chain-smoking, crystal-carrying, mantra-chanting new-age actor." "I'm protesting this 'cause she was an asshole," he says. "An asshole. If you have a *Premiere*, I'll sign that." *Premiere*, it should be noted, thought he was "a spiritual seeker and Buddhist [with] unquestionable sincerity which often moves him to tears."

—Daniel Burrows and Daniel Radosh

Author: GEORGE F. WILL

Work Promoted: *Restoration*

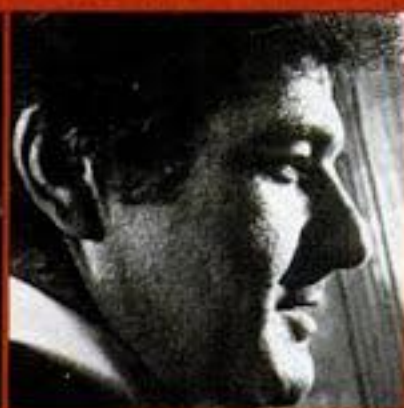
Time and Place: Weekday lunchtime, midtown Doubleday

The Scene: Signing autographs with a Montblanc pen ("I *always* write with a fountain pen"), the weak-chinned conservative pundit systematically engages each of his readers in a brief political dialogue. Many people want to talk about *Men at Work*, his baseball book; Will freely admits that as a child he wanted to be a professional ballplayer called Stretch. During a lull, one member of his entourage says he has trouble paying attention to

Separated at Birth?



Bill Clinton...



and Dick Shawn?



Tipper Gore...



and Joan Lunden?



Bridget Fonda...



and E. G. Marshall?

Barq's
ROOT BEER

FOTO FUNNIES

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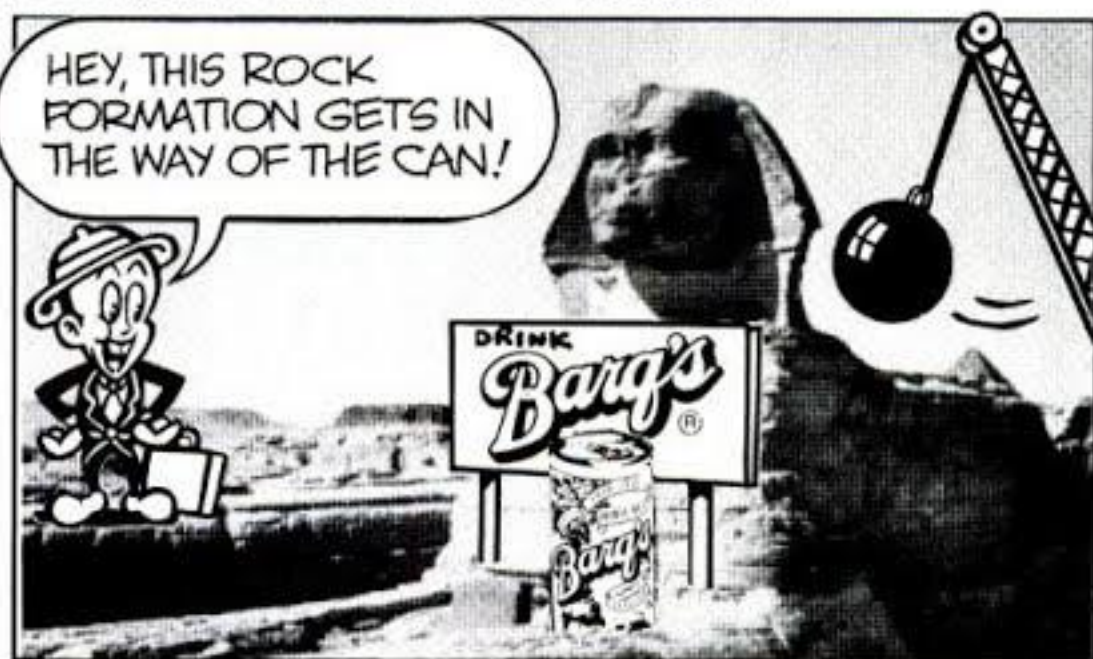
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...TRACK DOWN TALENT IN THE FAR CORNERS OF THE EARTH...



...AND THEN BACK TO THE OFFICE FOR THE **BIG** PRESENTATION...



TO BE CONTINUED...

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The butt of a lot of jokes

Often passed on to others

Can last all year long

Makes you laugh

Fully digestible

Each issue of SPY is completely different from the next

A "thank you" is always given in return

The source of a lot of humor

Often shared with others

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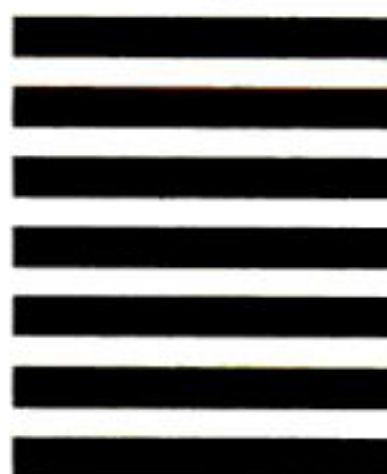
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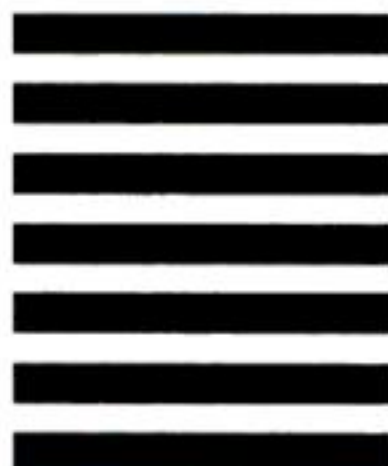
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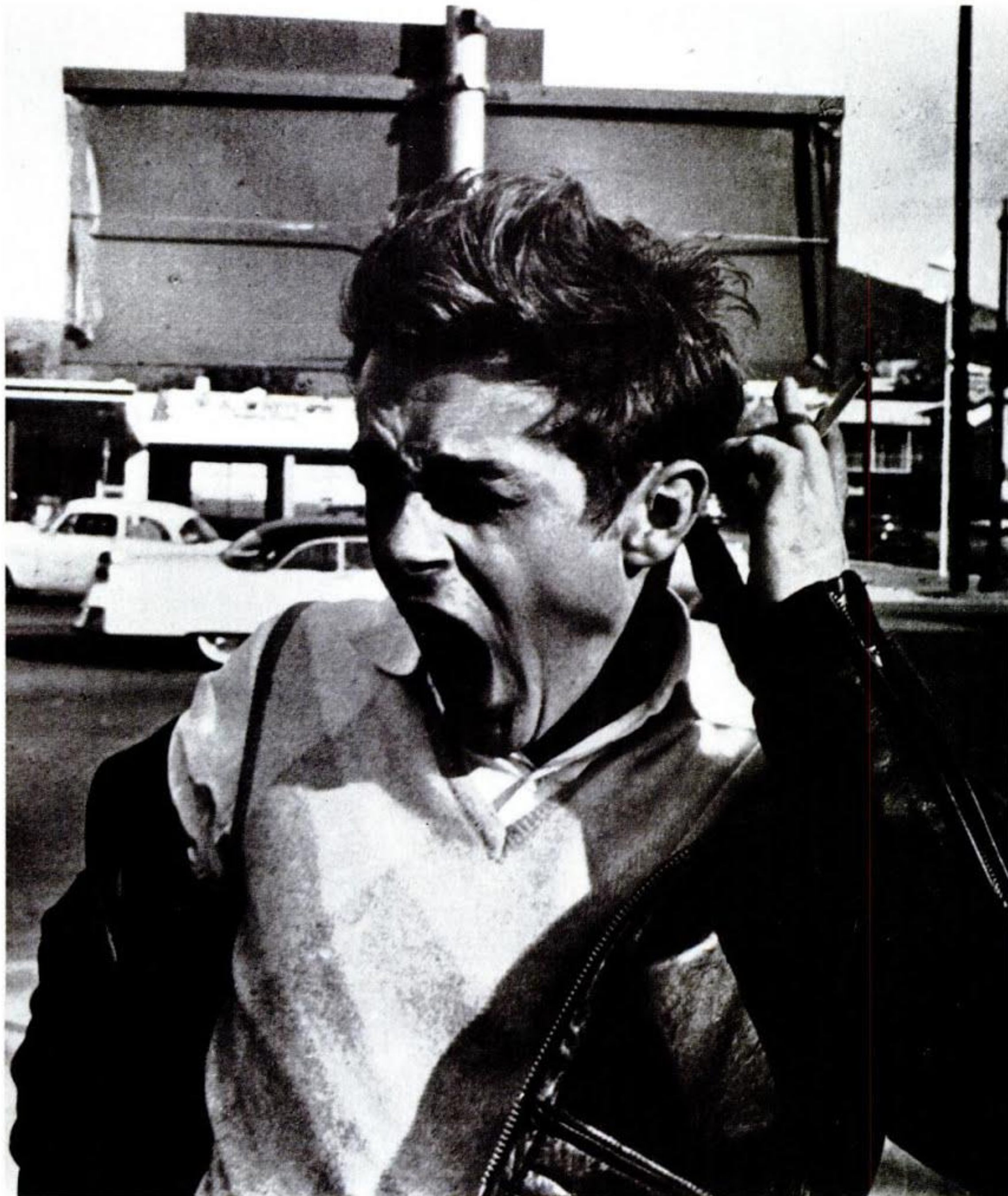
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BIG PICTURES

This month: *America at its ripest, with never-before-published photos of the Hollywood pantheon—and a brand-new womanizing Democratic president.* **January 1993**



A momentarily nonbrooding James Dean outside Googie's coffee shop in Hollywood, 1955



PHOTOGRAPHER PHIL STERN, above with Joan Crawford in 1946, is perhaps the most remarkable Hollywood photographer ever. His portraits of James Dean (turtleneck pulled up to his eyes, reclining with his feet up) and Louis Armstrong with Billie Holliday (for the movie *New Orleans*) are pop culture iconography. Stern, who is now 73 and lives in Los Angeles, began a long relationship with *Life* magazine in 1941. He has recorded labor riots, political campaigns and World War II combat, but he is best known as a photographer of actors. Among the images in this month's special portfolio, the picture of Monroe hasn't been published since she was alive, and the shots of James Dean, John Wayne, Mia Farrow and Liz Taylor are being published here for the first time ever.

KODAK SAFETY FILM





Marilyn Monroe,
pregnant with Arthur
Miller's child, on
the set of *Some Like
It Hot*, 1958

SPY BIG PICTURES



Macho John Wayne, wearing a breezy summer ensemble, in Acapulco circa 1952



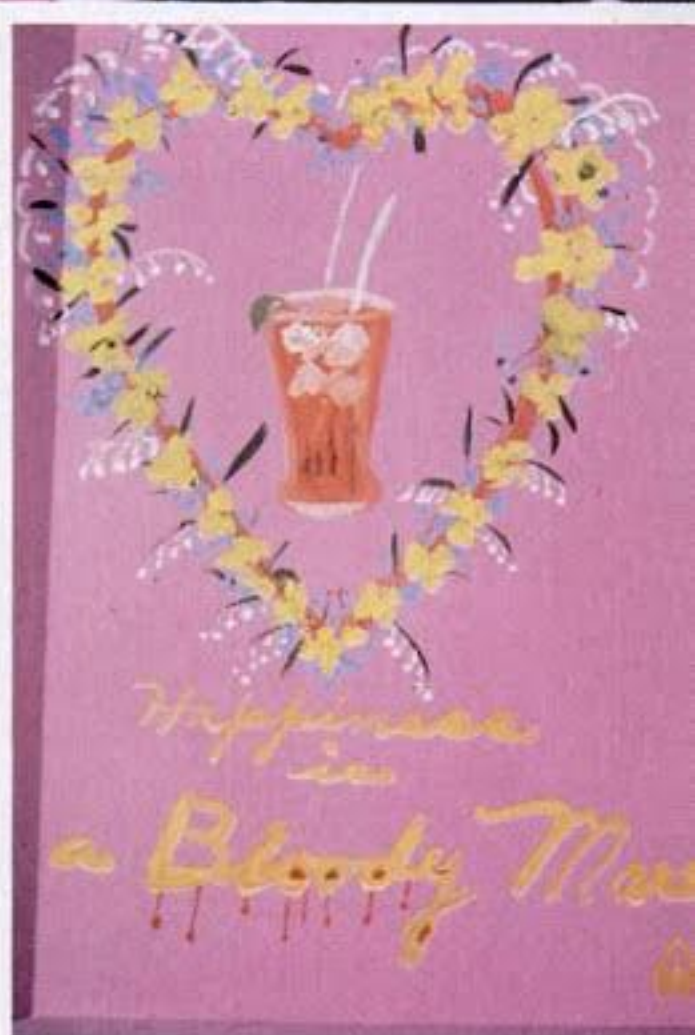
At his 1949 bachelor party,
Jimmy Stewart receives
a *faux* golden shower
from tiny character actors
Billy Curtis and Billy Barty.

SPY *BIG PICTURES*



Frank Sinatra lights
a cigarette for pal
Jack Kennedy at the
inaugural ball.
Not pictured:
Sam Giancana and
Judith Exner.





Pre-Woody Mia Farrow and pre-rehab Elizabeth Taylor pass time graffitoing their *Secret Ceremony* dressing rooms, 1968. Inset: Taylor's cheerful illustration.

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TRY TO IMAGINE A YEAR SO JAW-DROPPINGLY, NOSTRIL-FLARINGLY, EYE-POPPINGLY AWFUL

that when you do an exhaustive scientific analysis to determine who or what is responsible, *Al Sharpton isn't even in the top 100*. We've recalculated the 1992 SPY 100 *more than 1 billion times*, and each time, the Reverend Mr. Sharpton came in at No. 108, just ahead of Bungee Mishaps (No. 109) and behind Nannies Run Amok (No. 107). One explanation could be that in a year rife with authentic racial outrages, Al failed to bring up much bile. Or perhaps it's that he ran in New York's Democratic Senate primary and lost and then didn't blame it on three white people, thus confounding expectations. Or maybe 1992 was simply *that bad*. Ivan Boesky, another former No. 1 (1987), appears only in a



Eyebrows, No. 20

Hat, No. 45

Head, No. 27

Eyes, No. 7

Ears, No. 1

Nose, No. 17

Cheeks, No. 37

Gold Tooth, No. 10

Hands & Mouth, No. 93

cameo role; S&L Hell, No. 1 just two years ago, has mysteriously disappeared altogether (but look for it again in, oh, about a month); and SPY 100 Iron Maiden Leona Helmsley barely made this year's SPY 1,000 (No. 992, sandwiched between No. 991, That Gap Commercial Where the English Guy Recites Beat Verse, and No. 993, Watery Salsa), but then she did spend the year in federal prison, a major Mitigating Factor. For the most part 1992 was some fresh hell. In fact, seven of our top ten *never charted before*, and we dare say that many Americans will probably have trouble placing our No. 3. (Hint: He's not Hitler, but an incredible simulation.) Also, we must note a disgusting new trend in our own disgust: More than a dozen of this year's entries are based on television, from No. 15, TV-Based Reality, to No. 98, SPY 100 Television Special, Airing Dec. 2 at 10 P.M. EST on NBC. We're as sick about it as you are.

1 Ross Perot

MISDEEDS: Made \$2 billion off taxpayers; thought presidency could be bought for a measly \$60 million; hired a weasly Reagan lieutenant and a pathetic Carter leftover to run campaign; investigated them; investigated volunteers; betrayed them; hired new "volunteers"; proposed "shared sacrifice" tax plan that would save him \$200,000 a year; was willing to embarrass war hero James Stockdale to gratify his own ego; lied about his past, his connections to Washington, how he could eliminate the deficit "without breaking a sweat," why he quit the first time and, well, just about everything else; thought government

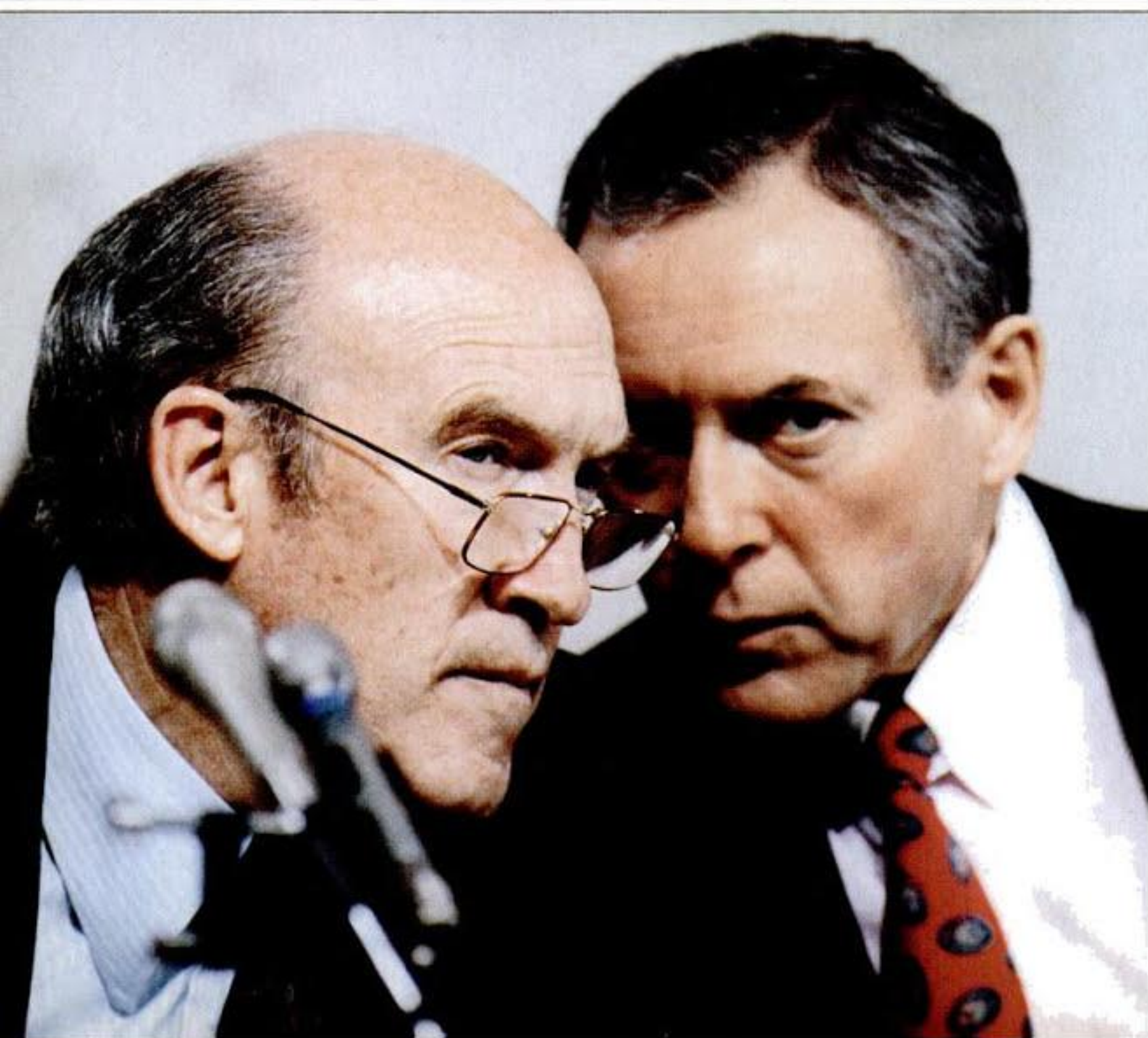
capable of photovoodoo known only to SPY; paranoid fantasies not very creative; has big ears; is pint-size.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Did not parade wife around like a showhorse.

FAMILY VALUES: Said he would ban adulterers and sodomites from extremely hypothetical Cabinet positions; disapproves of women "trying to prove their manhood" in the workplace; reportedly had a private dick stake out his own daughter because she was seeing a Jew.

BONUS POINTS: Cher promised to quit show business if he got back into the race, but then she didn't.

2 Evil GOP Creeps



3 Slobodan Milosevic

MISDEEDS: As president of Serbia, was responsible for the butchery in Sarajevo; smokes cigarillos.

FAMILY VALUE: His father, mother and an uncle all committed suicide.

4 The Depression

LAST YEAR'S RANK: 19

MISDEEDS: Ten million out of work; longest slump since Great Depression; banking system poised for collapse; profound anxiety about America's future; with Japan and Europe also in bad straits, possibility of worldwide disaster.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Cheaper New York apartments.

FAMILY VALUE: Parents spending more

time at home with the kids.

BONUS POINTS: As late as October, Bush was insisting, "Things have been tough, but they haven't been that tough."

5

1965 Watts Nostalgia

MITIGATING FACTOR: Riots coincided with West Coast trip Bush already had planned, "so," he said, "it fits in very nicely."

6

The Fourth Reich

LAST YEAR'S RANK: 33

MISDEEDS: Hate crimes in Germany—from firebombing refugee hostels to beating foreigners to death—increased fivefold ("It's almost legal," said one skinhead); German police now count 40,000 as right-wing extremists; in a poll of 2,000 Germans, more than one quarter agreed with the slogan "Foreigners out" and more than half with "Germany for the Germans"; Holocaust memorials were burned and blown up; national government had planned to celebrate the Nazi invention of V-2 rocket.

MITIGATING FACTOR: German government attempted to reduce violence by giving foreigners pamphlets on how to fit in, and only deported—rather than killed—60,000 Gypsies.

BONUS POINTS: Neo-Nazi manifesto in many ways resembles Republican platform.

7

Woody Allen

MISDEED: *Shadows and Fog* was a slight, curiously detached work.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Follow-up effort *Husbands and Wives* much more in the here and now.

FAMILY VALUE: Keeps pictures of beloved pseudostepdaughter on the



8

The Farrow Publicity Machine

mantelpiece.

BONUS POINTS: Desperate for good PR, Woody Heimlich'd a choking ex-girlfriend at an Upper East Side bistro.

9

Hurricane Andrew

MISDEEDS: 33 dead, 63,000 homes destroyed, 300,000 left homeless; numerous complaints of couples having sex and of women fraternizing with soldiers in temporary tent cities.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Provided absolutely stunning example of how Bush couldn't do anything right.

10

Madonna

LAST YEAR'S RANK: 32

MISDEEDS: At her 1991 New Year's bash, apologizing for her stereo, "Give me a fuckin' break, so I blew a fuckin' speaker"; in a public theater showing the paparazzi documentary *Blast 'Em*, after on-screen photographer called her a fucking bitch, "That's right, I'm

a fucking bitch!"; in the song "Erotica," "I'll give you love, I'll hit you like a truck/I'll give you love, I'll teach you how to *uuh uuh uuh*"; in a handwritten note to a customs official who requested an autograph, "Fuck you"; appeared in fuck book that contained no actual fucking.

MITIGATING FACTOR: She's left us wanting more.

FAMILY VALUE: Said she would not be sending *Sex* to her father.

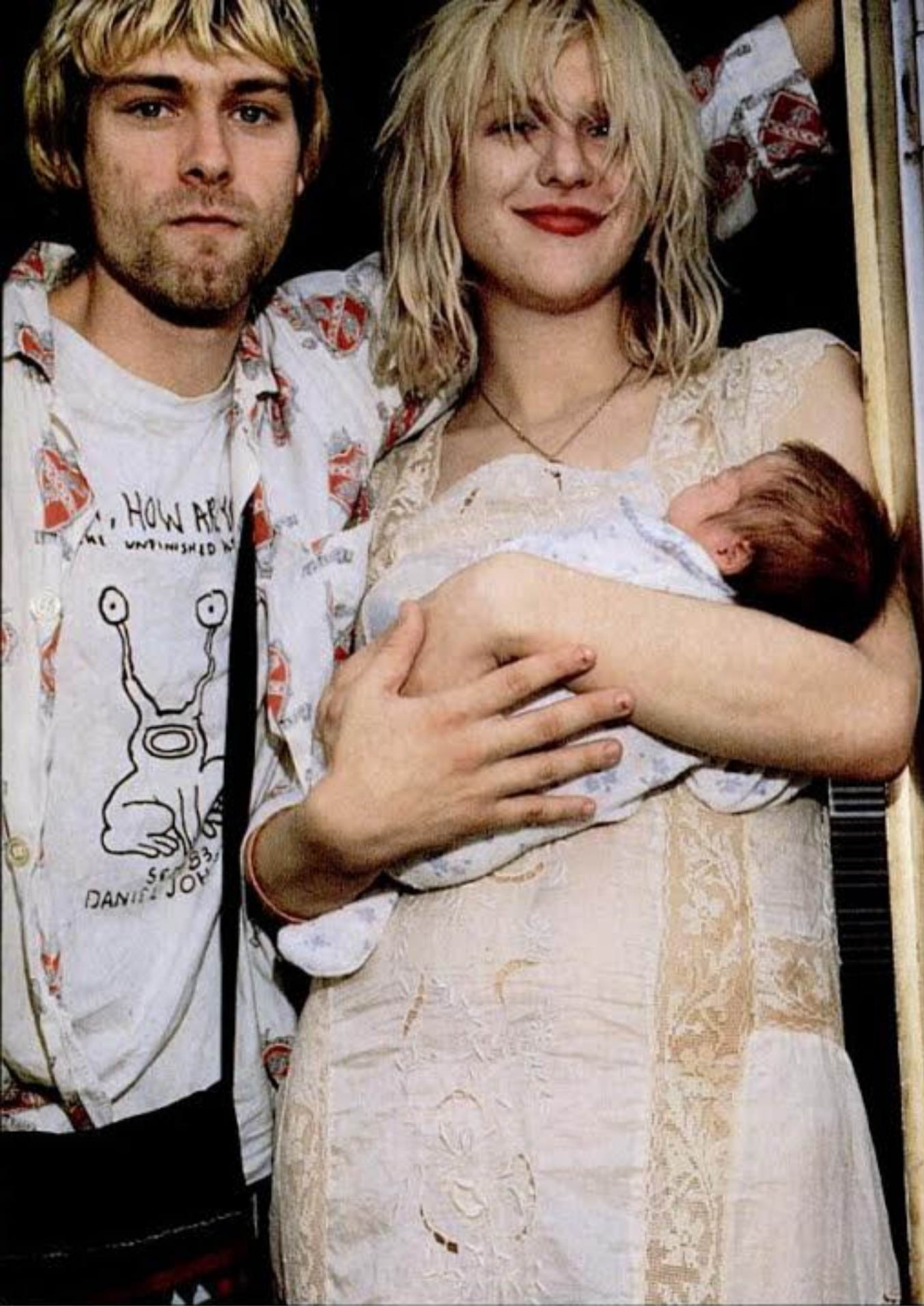
11

Men in Uniform Run Amok

LAST YEAR'S RANKS: 4 and 67

ALLEGED MISDEEDS: 20 Cincinnati Bengals accused of participating in or attending the rape of a fan; one New York Met accused of exposing himself to three fans; 36 women assaulted at Navy's Tailhook convention; widespread reports of perverted priests; hundreds of New York City cops closed down Brooklyn Bridge to yell racial epithets.

MITIGATING FACTOR: No bus drivers



12 Family Values

involved in any major untoward incidents.

13 Unabashed Gay-bashing

MISDEEDS: Oregon's *prodiscrimination* Measure 9, which could legalize not hiring homosexuals, despite gay men's always-neat appearance; similar measures in Colorado, Maine, Florida and Alabama; the entire Republican convention; the military's continuing to ban homosexuals so as not to throw cold water on their heterosexual antics; and, coincidentally, the 31 percent rise in nationwide violence against gays.

FAMILY VALUE: Phyllis Schlafly's gay son said he supports her views.

14 The Horrible Injustice Done to Mike Tyson

MISDEEDS: Convicted manslaughterer Don King said Tyson was framed; rapper Chuck D compared his conviction to the lynching of black men "for bullshit that they didn't do based on cracker racism"; Donald Trump suggested that rather than send Tyson to jail, he should be allowed to fight

Evander Holyfield, with "some large, large sum of money" going to rape victims; Sinéad O'Connor called Tyson "only a little tiny baby" and further opined that the victim was "a bitch. I don't care if he raped her.... She's used him. She's a disgrace to women."

MITIGATING FACTOR: Hammer, who believes Tyson was framed, admitted, "It could have been me."

FAMILY VALUE: Tyson himself blames his conviction on the fact that he practiced poor postrape etiquette by not walking the victim to her car.

15 TV-Based Reality

MISDEEDS: Vice president attacked sitcom character; *The New York Times* scooped *TV Guide* with a page 1 story revealing the sitcom character's response; according to a Columbia University study, three of the top ten most widely cited political pundits are Phil Donahue (No. 10), Arsenio Hall (No. 5) and Larry King (No. 2); in order to talk to Perot, *60 Minutes*'s Mike Wallace called in on *Larry King Live*.

FAMILY VALUE: The president attacked a cartoon family.

16 Made-from-TV Movies

MISDEEDS: *Addams Family* (based on sitcom canceled 25 years before); David Lynch's *Twin Peaks: Fire Walk With Me* (based on a flop dramedy); *Wayne's World*, *Mr. Saturday Night* and *Bob Roberts* (*Saturday Night Live* sketches); *The Muppet Christmas Carol* (puppet show); and *Encino Man* (MTV veejay's personality).

BONUS POINTS: Coming soon, feature films based on *The Beverly Hillbillies*, *The Flint-*

stones, *Mr. Magoo*, *The Brady Bunch* and the hit public-service announcement *Crash Test Dummies*.

17 The Death Throes of Michael Jackson

MISDEEDS: European concert tour played to many empty seats; countless chemical peels and facial experiments reportedly left him with extra holes in his face; published a book of poems ("Ryan White, I miss your sunny days/We carelessly frolicked in extended plays"); successfully ordered MTV to refer to him, twice every hour, as the King of Pop; unsuccessfully ordered MTV to create a new "International Superstar Award" and present it to him.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Briefly dated an actual woman.

BONUS POINTS: Liner notes for *Dangerous* give thanks to Michael Milken.

18 Greedy, Money-Grubbing Former Husbands

MISDEEDS: David Flynn wanted Jane Seymour to pay him \$20,000 a month in alimony but only got \$10,000 plus forgiveness of \$500,000 business debt, and half the house; Michael Krauss got \$18,000 a month from Joan Lunden; twentysomething Kohle Yohannan, fiftysomething Mary McFadden's former hauswurst, claimed that the designer demanded "to be slapped around during sexual relations" and got a measly \$600 a week for his troubles; Ivan Boesky sued his wife for \$1 million annual alimony.

19 Telegenic Killer Babes

LAST YEAR'S RANK: 11

MISDEEDS: Meredith Baxter as fed-up hausfrau Betty Broderick in not one but two CBS movies; Virginia Madsen and Jenny Robertson as psycho love bunny Carolyn Warmus on ABC and CBS; Lindsay Frost as fun-loving center-fold-cum-cop killer Bambi Bembenek on ABC; Jean Smart as admitted serial-disenchanted prostitute Aileen Wuornos on CBS; teen prostitute killer-babe-wanna-be Amy Fisher as herself in poorly lit kiddie-porn tapes shown on *Hard Copy* and *A Current Affair*.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Fisher's lawyer justified selling television rights as necessary to make bail.

FAMILY VALUE: Crippling head wound appears to have strengthened marriage of the Buttafuocos, Mary Jo (Fisher victim) and Joey (alleged Fisher mentor).

20 Pat Buchanan

MISDEED: Made the rest of the Republican Party look good.

MITIGATING FACTOR: No longer paid to be on television.

FAMILY VALUE: Father used to hold his hand over a flame to teach him what Hell felt like.

21 1980s Undead

MISDEEDS: Jay McInerney again a media darling; Tama Janowitz compared to Mark Twain; naked pictures of Madonna for sale; huge Manhattan nightclubs reopened; cocaine more affordable than

ever; 1992 will set a record for the sale of junk bonds; 1960s revivalism revived; Ivan Boesky not in jail.

MITIGATING FACTOR: No yellow ties so far.

22 Al D'Amato

LAST YEAR'S RANK: 14

MITIGATING FACTOR: In rare show of principle, refused to play himself in Warner Bros. movie because of Ice-T brouhaha.

FAMILY VALUE: Though separated for ten years, still files joint tax return with wife.

23 Bobby Fischer

MISDEEDS: Came out of retirement and, like all aging athletes and performers who do the same, pissed away legend; did cheery photo op with No. 3, Slobodan Milosevic; unabashedly anti-Semitic; in game 3, playing white, didn't see 25...f5 coming; went bald.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Big payday for nice guy Boris

Spassky.

BONUS POINTS: Price he demands for interview: \$100-million.

25 Marilyn Quayle

MISDEEDS: Admitted she was one of those losers who did not smoke pot and sexually experiment during the 1960s; co-wrote *Embrace the Serpent*, an awful thriller disappointingly not based on voodoo sex rite; actually got scarier-looking.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Did not force Dan to stab Bush to death in his sleep.

26 Her Husband

27 Sinéad O'Connor

MISDEEDS: Ruined a Bob Marley song on live TV; tacked embarrassing therapy

session onto the end of a tepid album of pop standards; hypothesized that the Holy See invented child abuse, practiced genocide and assassinated Kennedy, King and Malcolm X; called the rapper Ice Cube the "greatest poet America ever had." (See also No. 14, The Horrible Injustice Done to Mike Tyson.)

MITIGATING FACTOR: Was booed offstage during Bob Dylan pay-per-view tribute.

FAMILY VALUE: Claimed the secret of her success was that she was abused as a child.

28 Medical Madness

MISDEEDS: Silicone pseudo-breasts started bursting, to the surprise of everyone except the scientists at Dow Corning; new neobreasts created with fat sucked from saddlebags; lips plumped with processed cow jelly; patches allowed people to pump nicotine directly into their tissue.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Several people who strapped on nicotine patches but continued smoking were rewarded with

24 U.S. Exports



highly motivational heart attacks.

29 Mort Zuckerman

LAST YEAR'S RANK: 66
MISDEED: Wears fuzzy mouse slippers.

MITIGATING FACTOR: His buying the *Daily News* will prolong entertaining tabloid death throes.

30 Euro Disney

LAST YEAR'S RANK: 84
MISDEEDS: Wrong on the Nazis, wrong on Vichy, wrong on Jerry Lewis, wrong on Mickey Rourke, wrong on the sexual appeal of sickly thin guys with cigarettes hanging off their lips, at least one Frenchman got it right on Disney's \$4-billion misconception. It is, said the writer Jean Cau, "made of cardboard, plastic and appalling colors...taken straight out of comic books written for obese Americans." Yeah, so?

MITIGATING FACTORS: Pornographer Bret Easton Ellis asked to attend the opening and was turned down; contemptuous French people no longer have any reason to visit the United States.

FAMILY VALUE: Asked why Candice Bergen repeatedly cut into the teacup-ride line, a spokesman explained that Bergen's daughter Chloe "must have had a particular affinity for the teacup ride."

32 Late-Night Nutfest

MISDEEDS: Arsenio threatened to kick Jay's ass; Jay's high-strung executive producer, Helen Kushnick, got fired and then went into her office and broke things; oily-yet-squeaky interviewer Dennis Miller spent the entire last week of his program comparing its cancellation to actual death, at one point telling a woman who had lost more than 100 pounds, "So? I lost my show!"; Letterman became increasingly dark-spirited.

MITIGATING FACTOR: We've been getting more sleep.

FAMILY VALUE: Hoping to get him to walk off *The Tonight Show*, Kushnick reportedly guilted Leno, "I'm going to do what's right for [her 11-year-old daughter] Sarah. We can't do anything that would hurt Sarah."

33 Ignoring the Public's Right to Not Know

LAST YEAR'S RANK: 69
MISDEEDS: Anthony Michael Hall's alcohol abuse; Axl Rose's therapy; Olivia Newton-John's breast cancer; Jenny Jones's rock-hard breast implants; Dick Cavett's depression and electroshock; Tracey (Growing Pains) Gold's anorexia; Marcia (The Bob Newhart Show) Wallace's financial woes; Corey Feldman's endless recovery from coke and heroin addiction.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Dean Martin still avoiding rehab.

34 Citizen Trump

LAST YEAR'S RANK: 74
MISDEED: Like Kane, devoted his energy to the career of an untalented showgirl as his empire crumbled around him.
MITIGATING FACTOR: Tried to prevent publication of Ivana's book.
BONUS POINTS: Will Rogers producer Pierre Cossette is interested in making *Donald Trump: The Musical*.

35 Fear of a Rap Planet

MISDEEDS: Denunciation of Ice-T led to huge sales of an album few would have bought otherwise; denunciation of Sister Souljah and Tupac led to actual sales of albums no one would have bought otherwise.
MITIGATING FACTOR: A *Newsweek* photo of Ice-T carried the credit "Grooming by Matsushima for Cloutier."
FAMILY VALUE: Ice-T's *Body Count* album includes "Momma's Gotta Die Tonight."

36 Mrs. Ted Turner

MISDEEDS: From feisty 1960s sex kitten to left-wing 1970s actress to brilliant 1980s entrepreneur, and now Ted's little woman.
MITIGATING FACTOR: Did not woo-woo-woo while doing tomahawk chop during Braves games.
FAMILY VALUE: Confronted with her mood swings, Ted said, "Honey, do you think this could be menopausal?"
BONUS POINTS: Menopausal Jane reported that

estrogen-replacement therapy "stops the biological clock a bit in terms of vaginal lubrication and things like that."

37 Civil-Servant Hose Monkeys

MISDEEDS: Jennifer and Gennifer, to name just two.
MITIGATING FACTOR: Providing tax-subsidized mistresses as a public-service perk will prevent elected officials from becoming beholden to special-interest hose monkeys.

38 Eddie Murphy

MISDEEDS: Compared—over and over and over—to Cary Grant; in dozens of interviews, insisted he'd grown, yet *Boomerang* was just as misogynistic and egomaniacal as *Harlem Nights*; unironically called *Boomerang* "a cross between *Annie Hall* and *The Big Chill* but with black people."
MITIGATING FACTOR: Almost married mother of two of his bastard spawn.

39 Doting Dads

LAST YEAR'S RANK: 36
MISDEEDS: Woody Allen, whose sexless nonmarriage to Mia Farrow was maintained "for the children," sued to take two of their pseudospawn under his protective wing; Marlon Brando, whose daughter's abusive relationship was terminated with extreme prejudice by his son, borrowed \$1 million from Michael Jackson and waddled through a Columbus movie for \$5-million to help cover

31 Striptease as Acceptable Leisure Activity



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with the February 1992 issue.

ne; and *The Senator*,
Richard Burke's comic
mp.

MITIGATING FACTOR:
ose's eyesight failing.

45 **Jppity** **African** **Ameri-** **ans**

MISDEEDS: Sister Souljah
roposed new national
stival; Ice-T outlined
ew crime-prevention
vention plan; Spike
e offered education-re-
rm program involving
ack students skipping
hool to see his movie;
so, as vengeance for
ndreds of years of op-
ression, Lee urged that
lack college athletes
oycott the Man's Rose
owl and NCAA play-
fs.

MITIGATING FACTOR:
orments liberals.

FAMILY VALUE: Spike Lee
id of his stepmother, "I
ate the woman....It's
ot because she's white
d she's Jewish. I just
ate her."

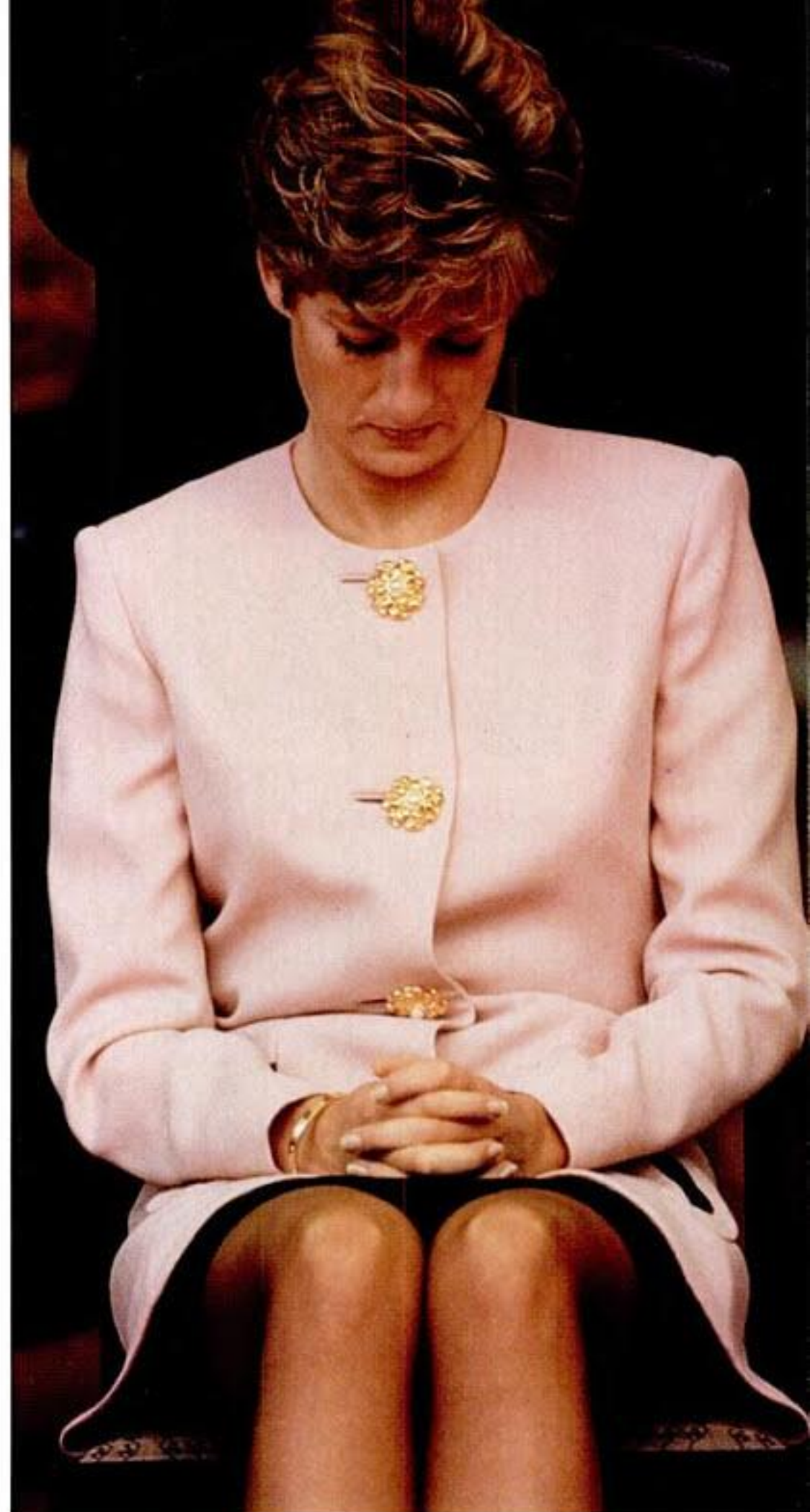
46 **That** **Kooky** **Jew** **Friend of** **Setting** **Homeless** **People** **on Fire**

47 **The End** **of Royalty**

MISDEEDS: Prince
Charles's alleged mistress
became an open secret;
ergie had topless affair
ith creepy bald Ameri-
in semisplayboy. (See
so No. 48.)

MITIGATING FACTOR:
ew generation makes
rincess Margaret and
ord Snowden look
ood.

FAMILY VALUE: Di com-
lains Windsors don't



48 Princess **Squidgy**

appreciate her even "after
all I've done for this
fucking family."

49 **Barbara** **Bush**

MISDEEDS: Took off her
AIDS ribbon before she
went onstage at the GOP
convention; badgered
Judy Woodruff on PBS;
"tougher than Nancy
Reagan," according to a
former Reagan aide.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Ex-
istence explains George's
philandering.

FAMILY VALUE: GOP
chairman Rich Bond said
of her, "Next to my own
mom, she's really it for

me in life."

BONUS POINTS: At a lun-
cheon, gossip columnist
William Norwich asked
her about the GOP's at-
titude toward "women,
intellectual Jews and
gays" and said, "As two
of those..."; she snapped,
"Which two are you?"

50 **Hee Haw** **Yuppies**

MISDEEDS: Special issue
of *Entertainment Weekly*
devoted to country mu-
sic; Garth Brooks com-
pletes insipid commer-
cialization of once-great
art form; Achy Breaky;
George Jones sobers up.



51 The Late Great Biosphere 2

FAMILY VALUE: Five-times-married Lee Greenwood appeared on podium of Republican convention.

52 British Editions of American Magazines in America

MISDEEDS: Liz Tilberis takes over *Harper's Bazaar*; Tina Brown takes over *The New Yorker* and imports Alexander Chancellor; Andrew Sullivan takes over *The New Republic*; Britonized South African Gabé Doppelt takes over *Mademoiselle*; Canadian Anglophile takes over *Vanity Fair* and hires Christopher Hitchens; Anna Wintour, James Truman, John O'Sullivan and Anthea Disney continue occu-

pation of *Vogue*, *Details*, *National Review* and *TV Guide*; Martin Amis everywhere.

MITIGATING FACTOR: *Sports Illustrated's* editor still American.

BONUS POINTS: British hack John le Carré, upset over a Talk of the Town piece about a fellow Briton's biography of the Australian Rupert Murdoch, published only in Britain, accused Brown of using *The New Yorker* to fight her British husband's battles, noting, "God protect *The New Yorker* from the English."

53 Awards Shows

MISDEEDS: Grammy's Best Song of 1992 was 40 years old; Oscarcast won three Emmys; Oliver Stone actually compared to

President Kennedy on Oscarcast; snafu-filled Emmy Awards included hand-held shot of a cameraman's feet; the first-ever infomercial awards did not honor either Tony Robbins or Cher.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Nominating Susan Lucci for Best Daytime Actress and then rejecting her is still funny no matter how many times they do it.

54 Education 9 Us

MISDEEDS: Chris Whittle slapped plugs for greasy fast food on classroom posters about how the heart works and hired Benno Schmidt and Lee Eisenberg to help him launch his own chain of McSchools.

MITIGATING FACTOR: On a 30-question current-events test, students who watched Channel One daily were able to answer one more question correctly than students who had not.

55 The New York Times's Desperate Attempts to Seem Hip

LAST YEAR'S RANK: 87

MISDEEDS: *Faux*-SPY floating heads used as illustrations; *faux*-USA *Today* Pulse graphics; *faux*-7 *Days* Styles section featured trends that were either already stale (Birkenstocks, Cross Colours, infomercials), had already been noted by the equally unhip *New York* magazine (Miami Beach), were never going to happen (the comeback of David Cassidy) or were simply too bizarre to comprehend (the arm as fashion accessory).

MITIGATING FACTOR: *Times* Business section still reliably boring and unsavvy.

BONUS POINTS: Referred to *Rock the Vote* as "Rock the Boat" and cartoonist Matt Groening's Akbar and Jeff characters as "Ali and Akbar."

56 Richard Nixon, America's Most Respected Nondead Former President

57 Big Stories No One Cares About

LAST YEAR'S RANK: 79

MITIGATING FACTOR: Gives *The Nation* and *The Village Voice* something to do.

58 Euro Oneness

MISDEED: All of Europe under the thumb of Germany? Hitler's strategic error—he should have just asked.

FAMILY VALUE: Someday American families touring abroad will only have to chart the decline in buying power of their traveler's checks against a single currency.

59 Poor Role Models in Bad Biopics

MISDEEDS: Jack Nicholson as mobster Jimmy Hoffa, former party boy Brian Dennehy as mobster Jackie Presser, future party boy Warren Beatty as mobster Bugsy Siegel, admitted rapist Gérard Depardieu as cultural rapist Christopher Columbus, not entire-

ly pleasant Spike Lee directing biopic of not entirely pleasant Malcolm X, fat boy John Goodman as womanizing booze-hound Babe Ruth, bad boy Robert Downey Jr. as little-woman-izing Charlie Chaplin; scary egoist James Woods as scary egoist Roy Cohn; high-strung Robert Duvall as extremely unlikable Joseph Stalin; self-involved monologist Spalding Gray as himself in *Monster in a Box*.

60 Lee Atwater's Legacy

MISDEEDS: Floyd Brown's Clinton-Flowers phone sex line; Mary Matalin on "bimbo eruptions"; Torie Clarke on "bellying up to the twinkie bar"; Pat Buchanan on Democratic "cross-dressing"; Elvis.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Atwater himself is dead.

FAMILY VALUE: Atwater protégée Mary Matalin and Atwater spiritual heir James Carville agreed not to fornicate during campaign.

61 The Dream Team™

62 Chat Glut

MISDEEDS: Oprah, Geraldo, Donahue, Donahue and his Commie buddy Vladimir, Sally, Joan, Larry, Montel, Maury, Jesse, Mort, Jane, another Jane, Faith, Regis and Kathie Lee, Cristina, Tesh, Vicki, Whoopi, Rush, Costas, Dr. Ruth, Ron Jr., Charlie Rose, Chuck Woolery, Ricki Lake, Jerry Springer, Byron Allen, Jenny Jones, Crier, Miller, Sonya and, lest we forget,

Joe Franklin; and coming soon, abortion enthusiast Faye Wattleton, former comedic actor Chevy Chase, former underwear model Jim Palmer and sassy-as-a-30-year-old-can-be Jane Pratt, again.

MITIGATING FACTOR: *The Kitty Kelley Show* was canceled before it even reached the air.

63 Mogul-san

MISDEEDS: Sony canceled a movie about the lighter side of sumo wrestling; Matsushita forced rewrites on *Mr. Baseball* (unfortunately to make it less offensive, not funnier).

MITIGATING FACTOR: Transpacific investment banker Mike Ovitz blamed for selling out Hollywood.

64 The Japs

LAST YEAR'S RANK: 31
MISDEED: Continued to compete unfairly by making better products and selling them more cheaply.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Bush nailed one of them big-time.

65 "Right-sizing"

MISDEED: *Downsizing* was apparently not euphemistic enough.

66 The Big Bad Cultural Elite

LAST YEAR'S RANK: 8
MISDEEDS: In last-ditch attempt to win election, Republicans blamed the Jews, homosexuals, feminists, artists, eggheads and journalists under one all-purpose epithet; sycophant turned social critic Michael Medved contended *Home Alone* undermines parental authority.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Barbra Streisand pro-

mised that if Bush was reelected, she'd leave the country.

67 Dane Quaylee Jokese

68 Oliver Stone

LAST YEAR'S RANK: 90

MISDEEDS: Ensured that JFK assassination got more 1992 coverage than, say, Iraqgate or BCCI; created an atmosphere in which *Ruby* could be released; bloated running time of *JFK* was used by Spike Lee to justify bloated *Malcolm X*; donated \$250 to Larry Agran's presidential campaign.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Promised to "take a little hiatus" after *JFK*.

69 Bill Clinton

MISDEEDS: Appropriated Kennedy mystique while Kennedy family was preoccupied with other matters; masqueraded as middle-aged Elvis when public had already shown preference for young, thin Elvis; slithery evasiveness made draft-dodging and pot smoking seem somehow *dirty*.

MITIGATING FACTOR: According to Jennifer Flowers (see No. 37), "He ate pussy like a champ."

FAMILY VALUE: Okayed sting operation against his druggy half-brother.

70 Celebrity Fetuses

MISDEEDS: Fetus inside 14-year-old Irish girl allowed to go to England for coming-out party; fetus inside U.S. woman jetted to Europe and back for pre-birth-control pill; fetus in salad-bar container confronted Clinton in New York;

fetuses in earnestly cupped hands picketed abortion clinics; stunt fetuses starred in anti-abortion ads; virtual fetus named 1996 Olympic mascot.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Fetuses almost as cute as babies, and lots quieter.

71 Grunge Rock

MISDEEDS: Unintelligible singing by Kurt Cobain sold 7 million *Nevermind* albums, prompting Governor Booth Gardner to declare Washington "a state of Nirvana"; subsequently, Cobain's wife, Courtney Love, a former stripper and rock singer-songwriter (sample lyric: "Slit me open and suck my scars"), was courted by Maverick (Madonna's Time Warner record label), Arista, Def American, Virgin and Geffen because, as one industry executive estimated, "sleeping with Kurt Cobain is worth half a million dollars"; consequently, grunge-rock chroniclers sprang up at the *New York Times* Business section, *The Wall Street Journal* and *Forbes*.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Love denied intentionally shooting smack while pregnant.

FAMILY VALUE: When Love asked Axl Rose to be the godfather to her surprisingly birth-defect-less daughter backstage at the MTV Video Music Awards, Rose screamed at the new father, "If you don't shut your woman up, I'm going to take you down to the pavement."

BONUS POINTS: Asked about Nirvana, Keith Richards said, "I've never heard of them....Is it a lot of blokes with long hair and guitars around their necks?"

72 Northern Exposure and Its Oh-So-Quirky Offspring

MISDEEDS: *Northern Exposure*, in which you always think the quirky natives are backward but it turns out they're actually savvy; *Going to Extremes*, in which you always think the quirky natives are going to rob or cheat someone, but they don't; and *Picket Fences*, in which you think the quirky mid-western yahoos are going to act like characters in *Green Acres*, and they do.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Nice to have *Green Acres* back on the air.

73 Surprise Sequels

MISDEEDS: Best-selling sequel to *Gone With the Wind*, 43 years after GWTW author died; sequel to *Huckleberry Finn*, 82 years posthumous; sequel to *Wuthering Heights*, 144 years posthumous; and, coming soon, sequels to *Dr. Zhivago*, only 32 years posthumous, and *Rebecca*, freshly posthumous.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Next year promises new James Joyce stories actually written by James Joyce.



75 Johnny Grief

MISDEEDS: Published eulogies included tributes from Erica Jong and the Amazing Kreskin; one lachrymonial featured Jay Leno mooning over Johnny's cigarette

burns on the carpet; former Johnny sit-in Joan Rivers cried on the air over the fact that Carson wouldn't let her use any clips for her homage, weeping, "It's like I'm Stalin, like a purge thing."

MITIGATING FACTOR: "Even though we waited 29 years," Elizabeth Taylor blurped on the cover of *TV Guide*, "it was worth the wait."

BONUS POINTS: Jay Leno gave \$15,000 to build a Johnny Carson playground in Burbank, even though Johnny isn't dead yet.

76

"I Knew (Blank), and You're No (Blank)"

77

Christopher Columbus

MISDEEDS: An imperialist slave trader, self-pitying egomaniac and wacky get-rich-quick schemer, he supplied source material for two endless feature films and even more endless P.C. spoilsporting; his discovery led inexorably to Bush presidency.

MITIGATING FACTOR: *Home Alone 2* every bit as good as the original.

78

The Versatile Rhetorical Device That Could Very Well Replace Hyperbole in the Satirist's Arsenal—Not!

MISDEEDS: Among the hundreds of thousands of commissions, we would be remiss

not to include "Tsongas announced; Gore, Gephardt and Rockefeller announced—not" in last year's SPY 100.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Replaces "Top Ten Reasons" as creatively bankrupt copywriter's crutch of choice.

FAMILY VALUE: "Murphy Brown on KTLA Channel 5—NOT"—on-air promo by Dan Quayle, trying out new career over the summer.

79

Lame 90210 Knockoffs

MISDEEDS: *Melrose Place*, a twentysomething 90210; *Class of '96* and *Freshman Dorm*, 90210 goes to college; *The Round Table*, 90210 meets *St. Elmo's Fire*; *The Heights*, MTV 90210; *The Real World*, reality-based 90210; *Covington Cross*, 90210 in the Dark Ages; and *Going to Extremes*, 90210 vs. the natives.

MITIGATING FACTOR: By the time this appears, the final broadcasts of most of the above will have left

the solar system.

FAMILY VALUE: 90210 producer Aaron Spelling sued *The Edge*, another Fox program, when it ran a skit making fun of his not-talent daughter Tori. BONUS POINTS: Beverly Hills 90210 eau de parfum spray.

81

Sneaky Foreign World Series Champs

82

Deadly Super Soakers

MISDEEDS: Squirt-gun-wielding 15-year-old killed by real gun, prompting Boston mayor Ray Flynn to call for ban of squirt gun; real-bullet shootings of two youths packing wet heat prompted all three New York tabloids to put the toys on the front page; paranoia escalated to include horror stories of people squirted with bleach, ammonia and urine; *Boston Globe* solemnly editor-

80 Michael Douglas's Butt



rialized that adults squirting an "innocent passerby" should be arrested.

MITIGATING FACTORS: Short-lived madness; provided respite from tedious media coverage of L.A. riots.

BONUS POINTS: Larami, which makes Super Soakers, offered a free toy gun to any person who turned in a real one.

83 Black Like Us

MISDEEDS: White folks in X caps; Donna Karan marketing hip-hop look; Time Warner launching the hip-hop magazine *Vibe* and hiring a white *Vogue* editor to run it; Calvin Klein appearing at fashion show wearing his pants backward; Juliette Lewis in cornrows at the Oscars; Dan Quayle saying he relied on *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* for "perspective."

MITIGATING FACTOR: Vanilla Ice has quietly disappeared.

84 House Check Scandal

MISDEEDS: Tiresome Tom Foley's dithering led to the crisis; was not even a legitimate scandal, so dozens of congressmen resigned or were defeated for the wrong reason.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Squirming, self-abasing congressmen always fun to watch.

FAMILY VALUE: Several congressmen blamed the little woman for ineptly keeping the checkbook.

BONUS POINTS: Unhinged conservative Robert Dornan ex-

plained that he bounced checks to pay for a backyard shrine to the Virgin Mary.

85 Celebrity Tattoos

MISDEEDS: Roseanne and Tom Arnold (butt and chest); Madonna (temporary); JFK Jr. (shoulder); Cher (everywhere).

MITIGATING FACTOR: SPY issue containing celebrity tattoos was all-time second-best-selling issue on newsstands.

FAMILY VALUE: Drew Barrymore and her mom will soon have mother-daughter tattoos.

86 Generation X

MISDEEDS: Generation X, supposedly indefinable, turns out to be an easily pigeonholed marketing niche; Generation X movies (*Singles*, *Wayne's World* and *Slacker*) rake in millions from people with McJobs; Generation X television shows rake in millions for slacker television producers; all those crazy Generation X baseball caps.

87 Red Ribbons as Fashion Statements

88 Prostate Cancer

MISDEEDS: New conversation piece afflicted Mitterrand, John Paul Stevens, Steve Ross, Robert Dole,

Linus Pauling and Alan Cranston; forced Frank Zappa to deny he was dead.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Does not have its own lapel ribbon yet.

89 Feminist Infighting

MISDEEDS: Paglia vs. Sontag; Faludi and Steinem vs. Quinn; Quinn vs. Graham; Holtzman vs. Ferraro; Greer vs. Sheehy; Madonna vs. Paglia; Madonna vs. Sinéad; Madonna vs. Lauper.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Nothing beats a good catfight.

90 Trumanmania

MISDEEDS: David McCullough wrote a very long book; this long book was not nearly as good as everyone seemed to think; Bush relentlessly compared himself to Truman when only similarities were being inarticulate, being hated by own party and having a fat, dowdy wife; increased danger that two-tone shoes will become popular.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Bush has not—at press time—used nuclear weapons.

91 Old Guys in Sports

MISDEEDS: Bjorn Borg, 36, returning to tennis; Jimmy Connors, 40, and Martina Navratilova, 36, reduced to King-Riggs-style exhibition match; John McEnroe still acting like a baby at 33; George Foreman and Larry Holmes still taking

shots to head in their forties; Nolan Ryan remaining annoyingly successful at 45.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Larry Bird retires with dignity at 35.

92 Soul Patches

MISDEEDS: Goatee redux. Luke. Keanu. River. Matt. Keifer. Johnny Cougar. Grow some real hair, boys.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Less noticeable than sideburns.

93 Macaulay Culkin's Much-Too-Generous Allowance

94 Rich and Famous Midlife Vagabonds

MISDEEDS: 50-year-old socialite mogul Barry Diller drove across America alone this summer; 46-year-old socialite mogul Jann Wenner and 38-year-old socialite mogul Bob Pittman and others motorcycled across America this summer; 56-year-old antisocial animator mogul Ralph Bakshi drove from Los Angeles to New York this summer.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Motorcycles are very dangerous.

95 George Bush

LAST YEAR'S RANK: 10
MISDEED: Was a really bad president.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Stayed alive.

96 Bruce Springsteen, Loser

MISDEEDS: Moved from Jersey to Bel Air; when simultaneous release of two albums failed to achieve Guns N' Roses results, made desperate stab at relevance with sound-bitten remix of the hopelessly dull "57 Channels"; crossed picket lines; \$33 tickets for an L.A. concert were scalped for \$9.

FAMILY VALUE: Is still married after a whole year.

BONUS POINTS: Unable to pull off an acoustic set, became the first performer to go electric on MTV *Unplugged*.

97 Long Cool Summer

MISDEEDS: What Greenhouse Effect? Scientists now say that as long as we keep pumping sulfur into the atmosphere (acid-rain clouds bounce sunlight back into space), the ozone hole keeps getting bigger (letting out more heat) and volcanoes keep erupting (creating mini-nuclear winters), we'll be in like Flynn.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Cataracts, skin cancer, stunted little vegetables, smog and lava are a small price to pay for 80° weekends in August.

98 SPY 100 Television Special, Airing Dec. 2 at

10:00 P.M. EST on NBC

MISDEEDS: TV 100 chosen capriciously for visual appeal with almost no regard for the meticulous calculations done for the real list; word *apalling* deemed too highbrow for TV; amazing tape of stoned neo-Nazi workers at nuclear trigger plant replaced by Sharon Stone segment.

MITIGATING FACTOR: \$825,000.

FAMILY VALUE: Counterprogrammed against ABC's *Civil Wars*, which glamorizes divorce lawyers.

99 Brady Bunch Revivalism

MISDEEDS: *Entertainment Weekly* feature story; millions purchase Barry (Greg) Williams's *Growing Up Brady* for its tales of sex and drugs on the *Brady* set; *The Real Live Brady Bunch*, featuring stage actors performing old scripts verbatim, moved from Chicago to New York to L.A. to Toronto to Australia; Robert (Mr. Brady) Reed's death covered by *New York Times*, *Village Voice* and MTV; nationwide search begins for new Bradys for *The Brady Bunch Movie*.

MITIGATING FACTOR: Former *Brady* kids have not gone on crime sprees.

100 Ronald Reagan, Not Dead Yet

ATTENTION SPY WONKS!

There've been a couple of changes in the SPY 100 formula, which you may want to consider in calculating your own 100. The new formula:

$$\frac{L^2}{2} + \frac{\text{MAX}(2 \times V, M) \times M}{\sqrt{F} + 1} + B$$

In addition to resolving a dividing-by-zero problem in the 1990 and 1991 formulas, the equation replaces the discredited New World Order Quotient (Q) with the far more important and enduring Family Value (V). Family Value points were awarded, on a scale from 1 to 10, based on whatever we happened

to believe Family Values were at the time we awarded them.

Much to the consternation of the SPY DATA LAB, we've decided to forgo printing tedious numerals for each subcategory this year in the interest of squeezing in eight more delightful letters per entry. However, we are offering

our raw data to anybody who wishes to squander hours recalculating it and then challenging our results. Send a SASE to THE SPY DATA LAB, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. One lucky respondent, chosen at random, will also receive a handwritten request to get a life. ☺

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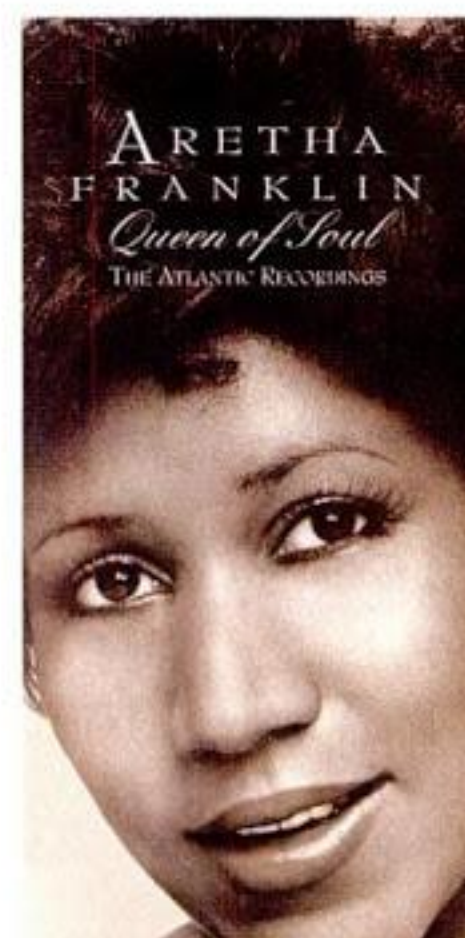
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Nichols had said
Casolaro. Casolaro told
S/A Gates that Robert
Nichols had said to him
(Casolaro), "if you
continue this investi-
gation, you will die."

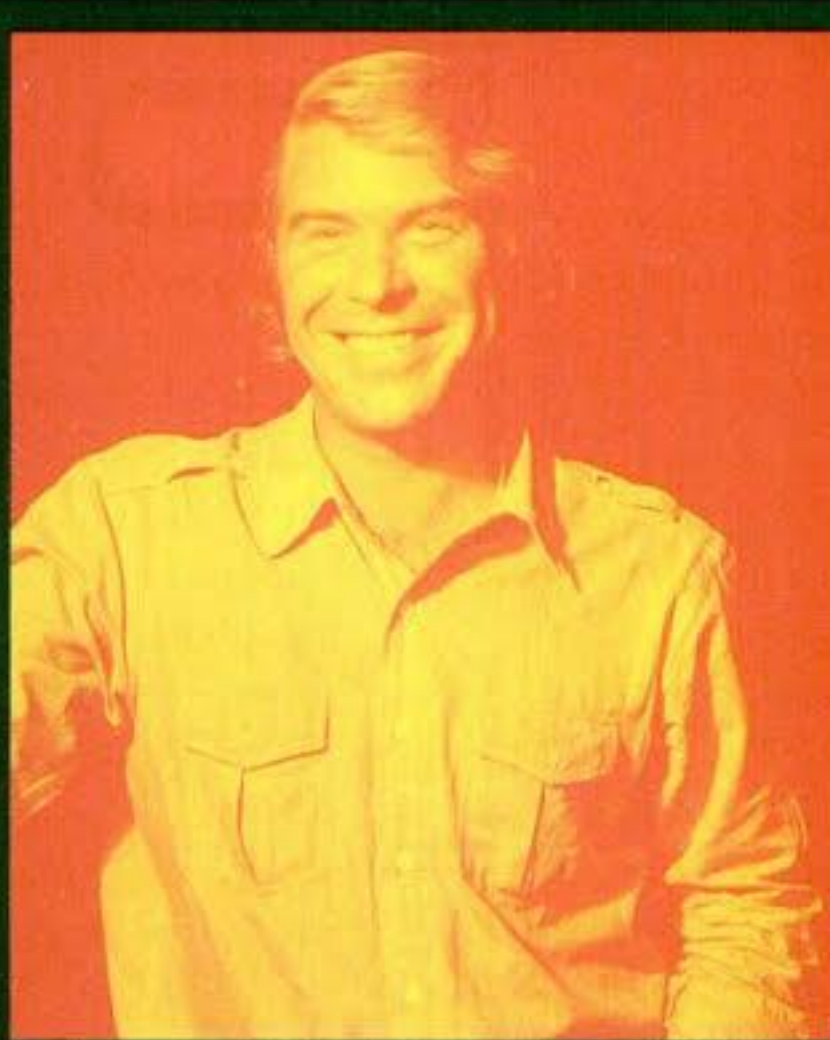
INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER DANNY CASOLARO COULDN'T LET GO OF A BIG, DARK, TWISTED STORY INVOLVING THE CIA AND THE MOB. WHEN THE POLICE FOUND HIM DEAD, HIS WRISTS SLIT, THEY FIGURED HE'D KILLED HIMSELF. IT SEEMS THEY WERE WRONG. HE HAD SIMPLY LEARNED TOO MUCH ABOUT SOME DANGEROUS PEOPLE. IT NOW SEEMS DANNY CASOLARO WAS...

**DEAD
RIGHT**

IT WAS A LITTLE AFTER 12:30 IN THE afternoon of August 10, 1991, and Barbara Bittinger, the assistant head housekeeper of the Sheraton Inn in Martinsburg, West Virginia, had just sat down with a cheeseburger when one of the girls from the laundry room burst in and told her that one of the chambermaids was calling from upstairs and saying somebody had better get over to Room 517, there was blood. Bittinger, who had been with the hotel for seven years, went to the room and hesitantly pushed open the bathroom door. Though she surmised that something must be terribly wrong, she was still unprepared for the ghastly scene. "There was blood everywhere," she recalls. Because the door opened against the bathtub, and because the shower curtain was partially closed, Bittinger couldn't see into the tub, but she did see a half-full, open wine bottle near the toilet, and a broken glass and an ashtray on the edge of the tub. Then, as she slowly withdrew, she looked through the crack between the doorjamb and the door into the bathtub, and saw

two white knees sticking up. Startled, she pulled back, but not before she saw something else, something that still puzzles her today. Under the sink, lying more or less flat, were two bloody towels. "It looked like someone tried to wipe up the blood on the floor and slid the towels under the sink," said Bittinger, who was only interviewed by police briefly the day the body was found and never by any journalists before speaking to SPY. "It looked like someone"—not the maid, Bittinger tells us—"threw the towels on the floor and tried to wipe the blood up with their foot, but they didn't get the blood, they just smeared the floor."

The knees Bittinger saw in the bathtub



Above, Danny Casolaro, 1947–91. Opposite, transcript of testimony offered by an FBI agent before the House Judiciary Committee.

belonged to freelance journalist Danny Casolaro. He had come to Martinsburg two days earlier to meet sources who would contribute to his already yearlong investigation into what he called the Octopus, a mess of interconnected high-level government conspiracies and supposed conspiracies. The Octopus, in Casolaro's view, encompassed the alleged theft of a sophisticated computer software program by Justice Department officials; an effort by a former CIA operative to use a California Indian reservation as a front for supplying weapons to the Nicaraguan contras; the shady connections between the

Wackenhut Corporation and the CIA; the burgeoning BCCI scandal; and the October Surprise. He'd diligently pursued leads and sources and uncovered an impressive amount of information, but he seemed to have had a hard time making sense of all that he had found. He also seemed to have had trouble telling the difference between people who were trustworthy and those who were not.

Accompanied by the chambermaid and a janitor, Bittinger went to the front desk and called 911. Within minutes police and paramedics were there. Casolaro was lying in a bathtub full of bloody water. It seemed pretty obvious he'd committed suicide. He had eight cuts on his left wrist and four on his right. There were two plastic trash bags floating in the water and a shoelace tied around his neck; evidently he'd thought to hasten his death by securing the bags over his head and asphyxiating but had reconsidered, either before or after slashing his wrists. There was a note that said, TO MY LOVED ONES, PLEASE FORGIVE ME—MOST ESPECIALLY MY SON—AND BE UNDERSTANDING. GOD WILL LET ME IN.

To give themselves more room to work, the paramedics took the bathroom door off its

"It looked like somebody threw the towels on the floor to wipe the blood up"



hinges. When they lifted Casolaro's body from the tub, they saw that an Old Milwaukee beer can, a paper coaster and a razor blade had been under the body. After draining the tub and examining the body, Sandra Brining, a nurse who serves as the Berkeley County coroner, declared the cause of death blood loss from multiple self-inflicted wounds. Around 4:00 p.m. she released the body to Brown's, a local mortuary.

So sure was everyone that Casolaro had killed himself that that very night, even before his family was notified of his death, Charles Brown, the undertaker, embalmed the body. Brown would later give the most ordinary of reasons for doing so—"I didn't want to come back to work on Sunday"—though embalming a body without the permission of the next of kin is illegal in West Virginia. Had Brown or the authorities spoken to Casolaro's brother Tony, they surely would have proceeded more carefully. Tony would have undoubtedly mentioned what Danny had said to him just a few days before: "I have been getting some very threatening phone calls. If anything happens to me, don't believe it was accidental."

Tony wasn't the only person Danny had told that he might be in danger; he'd also told Thomas Gates, a special agent of the FBI. A mysterious character named Robert Booth Nichols had become one of Danny's sources. Nichols, who is now 49 and lives in L.A., has, as federal authorities have put it, "no visible means of income to support his rather lavish life-style." He calls himself an entrepreneur and says he has been involved with the CIA in various intelligence operations; he has even appeared in and acted as a technical adviser on *Under Siege*, the film starring his friend Steven Seagal. Law-enforcement officials know Nichols, though, as an international money launderer and an associate of the Gambino organized-crime family.

As Casolaro worked on his Octopus story, he came to rely increasingly on Nichols as a source, and as a friend. But in July 1991, after Nichols visited him in Washington, D.C., Danny began to suspect that Nichols was far more sinister than he'd imagined, and began to investigate his activities. Three days before he died, he called Gates, who works in the bureau's L.A. office. As Gates has testified before the House Judiciary Committee, Casolaro told him that Nichols had warned Danny, "If you continue this investigation, you will die." Other publications, notably *Vanity Fair*, have wondered whether Casolaro committed suicide; none has had the

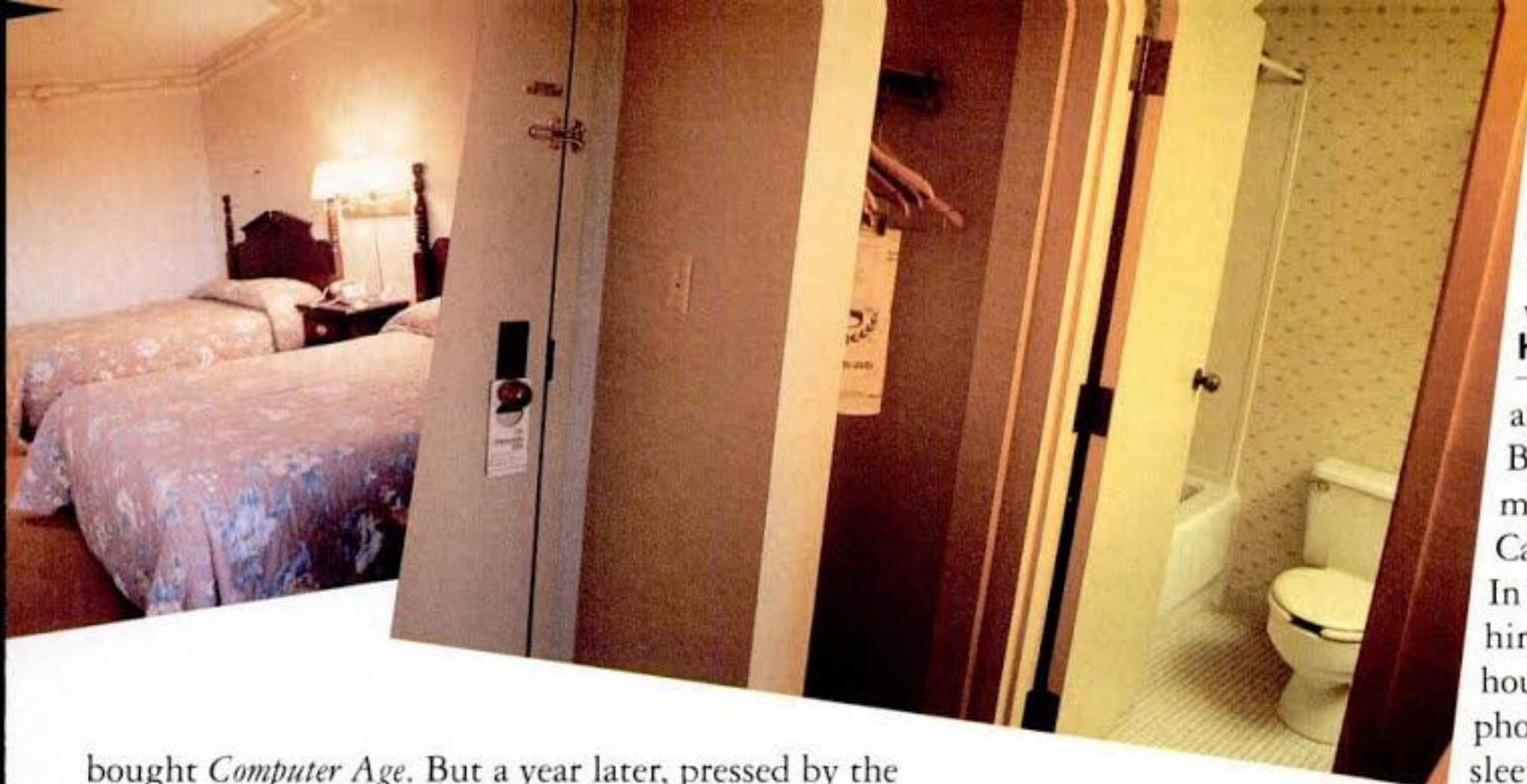
benefit of the evidence we've been able to amass. SPY has discovered that on July 31—ten days before he died, six days before he had a 64-minute phone conversation with Nichols, seven days before he spoke to Agent Gates—Danny Casolaro learned a terrible secret of Robert Booth Nichols's, a secret that, if revealed, could cost Nichols his life, a secret that Casolaro might well have told Nichols he knew.

DANNY CASOLARO WAS BORN ON JUNE 16, 1947, the first of six children. His father was a prominent obstetrician in McLean, Virginia. Along with prosperity, however, the Casolaros endured a large share of grief. One child was born with a heart defect and lived only briefly, and the eldest sister, Lisa, died of a drug overdose, an apparent suicide.

When he was 20, Casolaro dropped out of Providence College and went to Ecuador for six months to look for Incan treasure. When he came back, he fell in love with a married woman, Terrill Pace. They eventually married and had a son; after 13 years, they would divorce. He went back to college but quit to become a stringer for the *National Enquirer* and later a reporter for the trade magazine *Computer Age*. His friends all speak well of him. They say he was one of the sweetest and most tolerant people they ever met; that he never seemed to care about money; that he was a dreamer. He had many friends of both sexes but was especially close to women. Gabrielle Miroy, a onetime lover and longtime friend—one of at least five former lovers whom he visited frequently and spoke with on an almost daily basis—expressed the feelings of many people when she said, "Danny was always there for me; he was my best friend." There was a Peter Pan-ishness about him. His friend Larry Stitch, a retired attorney, says, "Although Danny was nobody's fool, he had a tendency to trust everyone."

But if he was Peter Pan, he was Peter Pan with an obsessive streak. In the late 1970s he worked for almost two years on an alternative explanation for Watergate. He spent a year on a novel he ended up publishing with a vanity house. He worked hard at staying fit but also smoked too much, occasionally drank too much and certainly pursued women too much.

He also worked hard at his job. *Computer Age* was a daily newsletter, and for ten years Casolaro was its only reporter, and effectively ran the thing. In 1989 he took a second mortgage on his house in Fairfax, Virginia, and



SCENE OF THE CRIME
Left, Room 517 of
the Martinsburg,
Virginia, Sheraton Inn,
where Casolaro spent
his last night

bought *Computer Age*. But a year later, pressed by the IRS for back taxes incurred under the previous owner, he sold the company at a loss. He could have worked out a payment schedule, but by then he was already chasing the story of his life.

IN 1990, CASOLARO GOT A LEAD ON THE INSLAW-conspiracy story. Inslaw was a computer software firm formed in 1980 by William and Nancy Hamilton to supply a program they'd created called Promis to the Justice Department. The Hamiltons received tens of millions of dollars from the federal government to develop Promis, a system to help prosecutors across the country keep track of complex investigations. In what has become a highly publicized case, the Hamiltons allege that in 1983 a cabal of top Justice Department officials and friends of former attorney general Edwin Meese conspired to delay payments and drive them out of business to gain control of Promis for their own profit. (Meese denies all wrongdoing.) Indeed, Justice did stop paying the Hamiltons in 1983, claiming they weren't fulfilling their obligations, and eventually Inslaw did go bankrupt. In 1987 a federal judge ordered the government to pay Inslaw \$6.8 million; the order was later overturned on a technicality. Promis is widely used today, both in the U.S. and by foreign law-enforcement and intelligence agencies.

As the case became known, conspiracy theories about why Promis was stolen were floated. Among those claiming to have information was Michael Riconosciuto, a convicted drug dealer who had been on the periphery of many illegal and clandestine operations, who therefore knows many inside stories but also invents tales that have certain credible elements. Riconosciuto, an accomplished programmer, claims that Promis was stolen as a favor to software-company executive Earl Brian, a friend of Meese's, for Brian's help in persuading the Iranian government to hold on to the embassy hostages until the 1980 election was over. (Brian denies any involvement with Inslaw.)

Led down this rabbit hole by Riconosciuto (who loves

an audience), egged on by Bill Hamilton (who had millions at stake), Danny Casolaro pursued the story. In time it came to possess him. He worked on it 16 hours a day, staying on the phone past midnight, sleeping only 2 or 3 hours a night, talking with quasi-spooks and bona fide spies, chasing leads, always enlarging his vision of the Octopus. He stopped working out; the man who would boastfully do 50 push-ups with a cigarette in his mouth no longer could do even two. There was no question that he was onto some remarkable stories, including aspects of the BCCI scandal (long before the scandal became public, Casolaro was saying he was going to nail Clark Clifford), the takeover of the Cabazon Indian reservation by a former CIA operative [see SPY, "Badlands," April 1992], and the Wackenhut-CIA connection ["Inside the Shadow CIA," September 1992]. With less insistence on proving a monolithic conspiracy, he may well have pinned down those stories.

For a long time, Casolaro relied heavily on Riconosciuto, often accepting too much at face value. When Riconosciuto was arrested in March 1991 on drug charges, Casolaro flew to Seattle to serve as his volunteer pretrial investigator. In time, however, he became more skeptical, and within a few months he was refusing to accept Riconosciuto's collect calls from jail. But Casolaro had not abandoned his investigation. In August 1991 he told friends he was going to Martinsburg—where the IRS has its main national computer center—to meet sources.

THE BEST REASONS TO BELIEVE DANNY Casolaro committed suicide are the obvious ones: His corpse was found; the wounds appeared to be self-inflicted; there was a note. That evidence was certainly sufficient to quell the curiosity of the authorities who found his body. Apart from what we know about his reporting, however, there are compelling reasons to doubt that he killed himself. Admittedly, it is hard for any of us to know what is in someone's heart, even those whom we know well. That said, however, nearly everyone who knew Casolaro was surprised to hear that he had committed suicide. Certainly he was not a depressive by nature, and no one who talked to him during the last days of his life regarded him as

Casolaro seemed upbeat. The morning he left for Martinsburg, he paid his homeowner's insurance.

depressed then. His friend Doug Chisholm, whom he visited a few weeks before his death, says, "Danny was excited about his story and quite taken with the woman he'd brought to lunch." Danny spent the Sunday before he died with Danielle Stallings, a longtime friend and lover. "He was in a very upbeat mood," she told us. On Monday he spoke to his pal Art Winfield, who says he "was very excited about meeting a new source." The night before he left for Martinsburg, he visited his pal Larry Stitch, who says, "He was his usual upbeat and pleasant self." Indeed, he seemed to be a man who expected to live awhile. The morning he left, he stopped by his insurance agent's office and paid his homeowner's premium. He also called Stallings and asked her to arrange a meeting for when he got back. And in Martinsburg he indeed met with at least two sources, and perhaps a third; Charlotte and Ronnie DeHaven of Martinsburg told SPY they saw an alert-looking Casolaro waiting in his car in an out-of-the-way spot back behind the IRS building.

Other explanations for a suicide have been suggested—that he was lonely, or broke, or despondent over contracting multiple sclerosis, a potentially fatal disease. It's true he had no mate, but he seemed truly to prefer it that way. Moreover, he had a cozy circle of friends, stayed close to his family (once, speaking of his sister's death, he told Stallings, "I could never commit suicide after what Lisa's death did to my family") and had a good relationship with his 22-year-old son.

It's also true that he was having money problems. His investigation was costly, and he was facing a balloon payment on his mortgage. Still, the payment was three months off, and as Danny's ex-wife puts it, "The Casolaro children had been raised to believe that money was not a problem." Danny knew that at least two people stood ready to help him financially: his brother Tony, a well-to-do physician who had helped him before, and Stitch, a retired IBM attorney, who thought Danny was onto something important. When he visited Stitch the day before he left for Martinsburg, Stitch told him, "If push comes to shove, you can count on me financially." He replied, "I'm not there yet, but I may come back to you on that offer."

It's also true that Casolaro had M.S. (which is fatal in about 1 percent of cases), but this was not known to his friends and family until after the autopsy. He had occasionally suffered the symptoms of the disease, but he didn't seek treatment, at least not from his regular

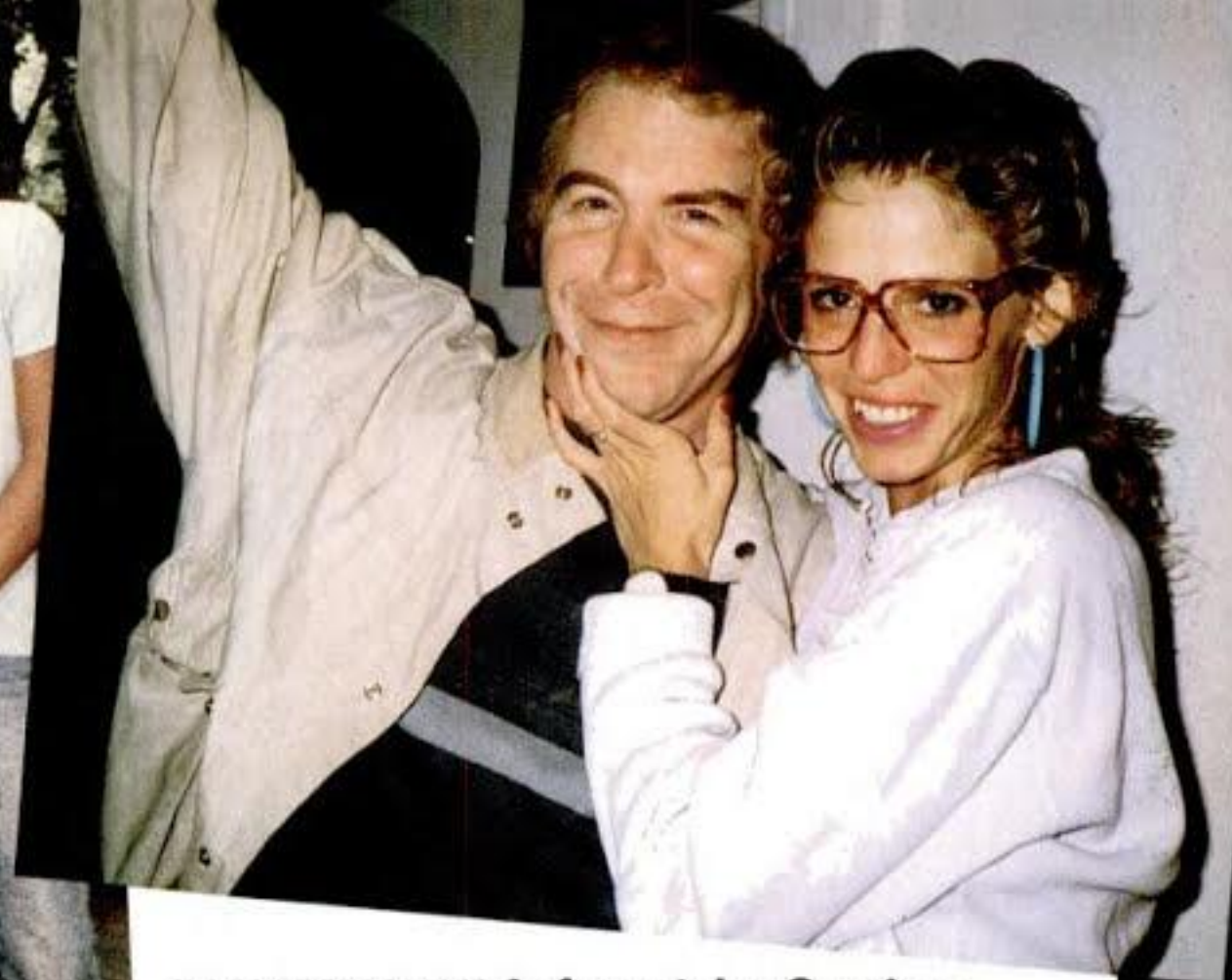
doctor. He did have a general conversation about the disease with his lifelong friend Ann Marie Winfield, a nursing teacher, who told him that when the disease appears in someone Casolaro's age, it is less likely to be fatal. "I really didn't think Danny was terribly concerned," Winfield says.

Interestingly, Casolaro was posthumously evaluated by two psychiatrists. The Martinsburg police hired one who thought Casolaro capable of suicide based on his mortgage difficulties and the fact that his book proposal had received three rejections—demoralizing news, certainly, but hardly extraordinary to anyone familiar with publishing. A second profile was written a week after Casolaro's death by Louis J. Petrillo, a New York psychiatrist and Casolaro's cousin. He wrote the Martinsburg police to tell them, "Casolaro did not manifest any symptoms or character traits during the day immediately preceding his death, during the past twelve months or at any time in his personal history that could, in any way, be associated with a potential for suicide."

FOR TWO DAYS AFTER THE DISCOVERY OF HIS body, the Martinsburg police considered the Casolaro case to be an inconsequential matter. It wasn't until Monday, when the department received calls from Agent Gates, *The Washington Post* and CNBC, that they realized they had something stickier on their hands. Late on Monday—having wasted the 48-hour period after the discovery of the body that most homicide detectives regard as the most crucial in gathering evidence—they began their investigation.

It is almost an axiom among official agencies: First the screwup, then the cover-up. The authorities' initial acts—removing the door, draining the tub without straining the water to preserve evidence, not sealing the room as a crime scene—compromised the investigation from the start; so did the unauthorized embalming. Still, on January 25, 1992, five months after Casolaro died, the Martinsburg police, in conjunction with the West Virginia State Medical Examiner's Office, the Berkeley County Medical Examiner and the Berkeley County Prosecuting Attorney's Office, issued a press release reaffirming their original conclusion: Casolaro had killed himself.

Since issuing their report, the police have refused to say anything further about the case. SPY repeatedly called the chief of the department, as well as the county



IN HAPPY DAYS Left to right, Casolaro with brother John, wife, Terrill, and son, Trey, 1969; with Trey and mother, Frances, 1985; with Gabrielle Mirov, 1990

prosecutor; neither would comment. All that speaks for the local investigation, then, is the police department's press release. It says that officials reaffirmed the original conclusion for several reasons. First, they somewhat tautologically cite the conclusion of the original autopsy that Casolaro had committed suicide and maintain that the embalming of the body in no way hampered the subsequent autopsy and toxicological studies. Second, neither the police nor the coroner were able to detect evidence of foul play. They found no signs of forced entry or a struggle. The room was neat, and neighbors had heard nothing. Third, they had the suicide note, and were convinced through handwriting analysis and fingerprints that Casolaro had written it.

Finally, they conclude that he'd brought the implements of his self-destruction with him. The razor blades are sold around where Casolaro lived but not near Martinsburg. The alcohol and trace amounts of a painkiller, oxycodone, that were found in his bloodstream seemed self-ingested. There was a half-empty bottle of Portuguese wine in the room, and Casolaro had more of it at home; the oxycodone could have come from Vicodin, a painkiller prescribed for him after dental surgery in 1987 and an empty vial of which was found in the room. The plastic bags in the tub were from a box of plastic bags that he had in his luggage, and the shoestrings may have been from a pair of laceless sneakers found in his home.

It's hard to argue with these conclusions based on the material the police have made public. However, the work of Martinsburg's *Finest* inspires little confidence. It's understandable that they treated the initial Casolaro investigation so lackadaisically—*Hey, it's hot, it's Saturday, it looks like the guy did himself, let's go home*—but you'd think the national press scrutiny in the aftermath of Casolaro's death would have inspired a little more conscientiousness, if only temporarily. It didn't. Twenty days after Casolaro's death, a Martinsburg man was found by the police with a .22 caliber bullet wound in

his left temple. His fiancée told them he had suddenly pulled out a gun and shot himself. Without conducting a simple and rather standard paraffin test on the girlfriend to detect gunpowder residue, the police ruled it a suicide. For some reason, they ignored the fact that the previous evening, officers had been summoned to the home by a call that shots had been fired. Nor did they question neighbors. If they had, they might have found—as I did when I talked to them—that the night before he died, the man told two people his girlfriend was after him with a gun.

Here, then, is what we've been able to discover. Most of our findings amount to highly anomalous facts and unanswered questions. But we also found relevant physical evidence that the police have simply ignored. Let's begin with the police department's proof.

First, on the matter of the integrity of the body after embalming, Dr. Michael Baden, a noted forensic pathologist, says the "embalming of the body makes the report fatally flawed." For example, he says, the measurements of alcohol in the bloodstream could have been affected by the embalming fluid.

Second, the police say they found no evidence that Casolaro had struggled against an attacker, yet they seem to have ignored two signs. According to the medical examiner, three fingernails on Casolaro's right hand appeared to have been chewed. None of his friends we've spoken to—a half dozen in all—knew him to be a nail-biter. Could fingernails broken in a fight, having been submerged for several hours in bathwater, give the appearance of being bitten? Additionally, no one looked under the nails for skin scrapings or blood. More important, the coroner found a bruise on the top of his head that probably would have induced "moderate hemorrhaging" under the skin. What collision might have caused this? The police do not mention the bruise in their statement.

The police further dismiss the possibility of a

"This man cut really deeply, down to the tendons. That's significant. That's unusual."

struggle by pointing to the neatness of Casolaro's room as a sign that nothing happened there. But this neatness raises questions more than it settles them.

On Thursday, Danny met with a source. That day, he hit on a waitress in the restaurant where he had lunch, and later flirted with two other women in a bar. On Friday he met with Bill Turner, a former employee of Hughes Aircraft who was one of the sources he had gone to Martinsburg to see; Turner gave him a stack of documents. The two were supposed to have dinner, but Danny begged off, saying he had to meet a source. Later he ran into friends of his brother's, who were staying at the Sheraton; they say he seemed cheerful. These were the last known people to see him alive. Authorities say Danny died in the early-morning hours of Saturday. The distance between being hard at work and in a good mood to despondently scribbling a suicide note is a long one to travel in a few hours. But even if Casolaro had plunged into a fugue state overnight and before sunup killed himself, questions occur. Except for the bathroom, Room 517 was extremely neat: The place was picked up, the bed was crisply made and undisturbed, and Casolaro's pants were folded on the bed. But as his friends tell us, he was not an especially neat person. So we are asked to believe that a cheerful Danny went to meet a source, then either went somewhere else and got depressed or went back to his room and—without disturbing anything, but taking the time to uncharacteristically fold his pants—scribbled a desperate note and killed himself.

On the other hand, maybe there were other people in the room, and they tidied up.

The police seem to be on firm ground on the third element of their conclusion, the suicide note. Yet friends offer two observations: Its mention of God was very odd for someone unreligious, and the 19-word note was uncharacteristically succinct. Danny was a wordy fellow. The brevity of the note—like the bitten nails of a non-nail-biter, like the sudden swing into black depression of someone who had not much earlier been feeling fine—makes it seem as though Danny was highly agitated when he began writing, and was not composing his farewell calmly. This raises the possibility that the note was written under duress.

Finally, the local authorities make much of the fact that Casolaro had brought with him razor blades, shoestrings, wine and Vicodin (they say he bought the plastic bags in town). They say this indicates

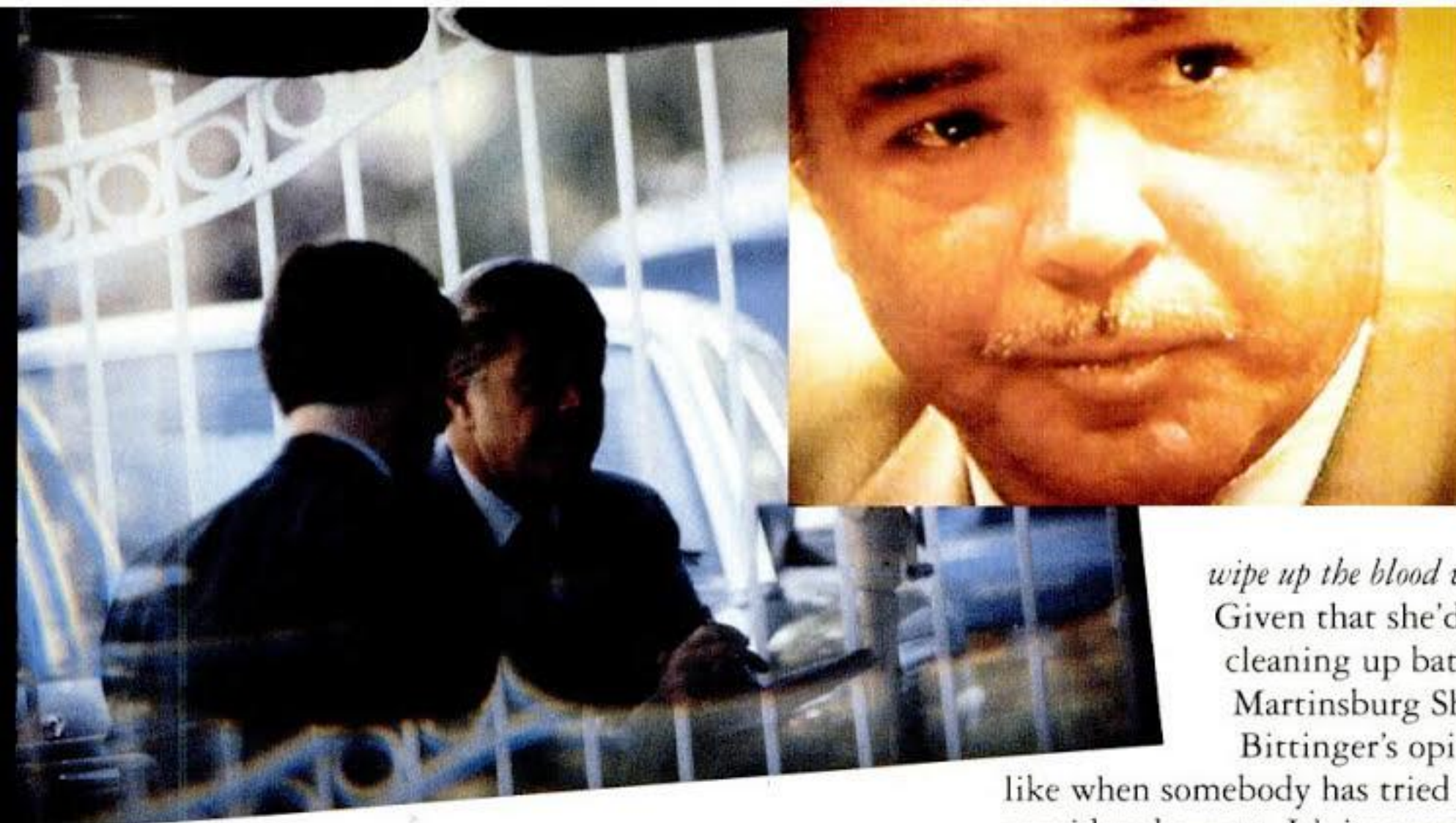
premeditation on his part. Of course, that's at complete variance with everything we know about Casolaro's outward behavior during his final days.

Still, let's say that Casolaro was fooling everyone at the end—being sociable, paying his house insurance, hitting on women in a bar, all to hide his pain. Then we have to wonder what he was planning to do with these telling items. Perhaps the idea was to take the codeine and wine and drift away, possibly hastening death by tying the bags on his head. If so, then he prepared poorly. There was a very low level of oxycodone in his bloodstream—perhaps one or two tablets' worth, not enough to do himself in. But let's say that's the case, that he prepared poorly and did not feel himself growing drowsy and (not liking the feeling of the bag on his face, or perhaps never putting the bag on) decided to cut his wrists.

If he did so, he slashed himself with brutal ferocity. He was cut 12 times; the cuts on the right wrist extended to the tendons, and the cuts on the left *bit* tendons. "I've never seen such deep incisions on a suicide," Martinsburg paramedic Don Shirley told SPY. "I don't know how he didn't pass out from the pain after the first two slashes." Agent Gates has testified that he asked a Martinsburg police captain how it happened: "The captain said, 'He hacked his wrists.' I said, 'What does that mean?' He said, 'The wrists were cut, but they were cut almost in a slashing or hacking motion.'" Dr. James Starrs of George Washington University reviewed the autopsy—which he on the whole found to be thorough—and said in an interview, "One thing that was surprising to me is that I didn't see any hesitation marks. In suicides, you tend to find hesitation marks. People generally don't know the amount of pain they can tolerate, so they will hesitate and take, literally, a little slice. This man really cut deeply...down to the tendons. That's significant. That's unusual." Unusual indeed. Both Danny's brother and his ex-wife told us that Danny had always been afraid of needles and blood.

It's worth noting that while plastic bags can be used in suicides, they also have a recognized place in torture and interrogation techniques. According to Lynn Nottage of Amnesty International, putting a bag over the head produces the same effect as repeatedly dunking the head underwater. Its great attraction, she says, is that it leaves no marks.

But along with their bungling of the evidence, the police leave some questions unanswered. Casolaro carried



DANGEROUS FRIEND
The "lethal" Robert
Booth Nichols, 1992.
He had a secret
Casolaro knew.

sink in Room 517.

*"It looked like
someone threw the towels
on the floor and tried to
wipe up the blood with their foot,"* she told us.

Given that she'd spent seven years
cleaning up bathrooms at the
Martinsburg Sheraton, Barbara
Bittinger's opinion of what a floor looks

like when somebody has tried to wipe it up may be
considered expert. It's inconceivable that Casolaro—
painfully wounded and rapidly losing consciousness—
would have wiped up the floor. But someone who did
not want to leave footprints or fingerprints or his own
bloodstains might have tried to clean up the scene.

As part of their investigation, the Martinsburg police
asked Dr. Henry C. Lee of the Connecticut State Police
Forensic Science Laboratory, a renowned blood-splatter
expert, to examine the evidence. His conclusion, cited in
the police press release, held that "none of the physical
evidence found at the scene is inconsistent with that of a
suicide." But when we talked to Dr. Lee, he told us he
didn't recall seeing any smear marks or bloody towels in
the photos supplied him. "A reconstruction is only as
good as the information supplied by the police," he said.
The Martinsburg police apparently didn't think the
towels were worth treating as evidence.

We spoke to Ernie Harrison, who worked for a
professional cleaning company called Le Scrub that the
hotel hired to clean Room 517 after the police had
finished their physical examination. "There were
bloodstained towels on the bathroom floor that I picked
up," he told us. After Harrison finished cleaning the
room, he tossed the towels away.

BY THE LATE SPRING OF 1991, ROBERT BOOTH
Nichols had become one of Danny
Casolaro's most important sources. They
spoke frequently and at length, and it's not hard to see
how Casolaro would come to depend, not only for
information but in an emotional way, on someone who
knew so much and with whom he could puzzle out the
mysteries before him. "It is as though he considered him
a friend and not just a source of information," says
Wendy Weaver, one of Casolaro's ex-girlfriends.

They had a lot in common. Nichols's father, like
Casolaro's, was a physician, and both sons grew up with
privilege. Danny was a college dropout; Nichols got a
degree through the mail. Both men liked the ladies. But
Nichols was smooth and polished and exciting.

with him everywhere an accordion file full of notes and
references. The police say nothing about its
whereabouts, other than that they conducted a canine
search along a one-mile stretch of highway near the
hotel and didn't find it. Neither did they find anything
resembling Bill Turner's stack of documents. Obviously,
someone could have taken the papers away—it's possible
to reach Room 517 from the parking lot, without going
through a lobby.

Other friends—his female friends—point out
something else unusual: Casolaro didn't like to be seen
in the nude. "Danny never would have been caught
naked by strangers," Terrill told us. Other lovers say that
even after making love, he would cover himself with a
towel to go to the bathroom. Danielle Stallings says that
"on a few occasions at my pool, Danny would suggest we
all sunbathe naked, but Danny's idea of being naked was
for the women to be naked and Danny to be in the
pool." Her comments echoed Terrill's. "Danny was not
comfortable being naked," she said, and she thought it
unusual that he would decide to go to his death that
way.

Had police spoken to Casolaro's friends, they would
have known about his upbeat mood, his feelings about
nakedness, his propensity for untidiness, his
squeamishness about blood, his wordiness, his
attachment to his files, and much more. But the police
didn't interview any of them. Had police spoken to his
cousin, Dr. Petrillo, they would have learned something
about his psychological profile. But even after Petrillo
contacted the authorities, they didn't interview him.
Had police spoken to FBI Agent Gates, they would have
known that Casolaro felt he was in mortal danger. But
even after Gates contacted the authorities, they didn't
interview him.

And apart from a cursory questioning on August 10,
the police didn't even thoroughly interview Barbara
Bittinger, one of the first people to view the scene, the
hotel housekeeper who saw the towels under the

"Nichols grabbed the man and threatened to kill him. Later, Danny said Nichols scared him."

Although he was only a few years older than Casolaro, he was very much the elder, the mentor, the teacher. He had even promised to help Danny financially; apparently he was going to lend Casolaro money in return for a 25 percent interest in his home. "It seemed as though Danny had this father-son-type relationship with Nichols," says Gabrielle Miroy, Danny's friend. It's telling that in the cast of characters Casolaro drew up for his projected exposé of the Octopus, the name of Nichols, one of his major sources, is never included.

How much Casolaro learned about Nichols is unclear; we know Nichols was a man as comfortable in the underworld as in the intelligence community and that he was associated with people who treated killing as an ordinary part of doing business.

According to an affidavit sworn to by Agent Gates during the course of a 1987 investigation into mob activities in Hollywood, Nichols was identified by the FBI as early as 1978 as a drug trafficker and money launderer. Just two years later, Nichols was representing a group of unknown investors who wanted to take over Summa Corporation, the holding company of Howard Hughes's empire. Hughes had just died, and Nichols had convinced a Saudi company called Ali & Fahd Shobokshi Group to become partners in the (failed) takeover attempt. Joseph Cicippio, who would later be taken hostage in Lebanon, was then the London manager of Ali & Fahd. In a 1980 letter to William Lummis, chairman of Summa, obtained by SPY, Cicippio states, "We are ready, willing and able to provide such finances as may be necessary to acquire Summa."

Cicippio, who lives in Princeton, New Jersey, says he specifically remembers Nichols telling him he was representing interests of the U.S. government in the acquisition of Summa. In an interview with SPY, Cicippio said that over a six- or seven-week period, "Nichols presented me with U.S. Justice Department identification and furnished us with financial and other information on Summa of a highly confidential nature. I assumed he only could have gotten this information from someone high up in the government."

By 1981, Nichols had become partners with a retired arms manufacturer named Peter Zokosky to form a munitions company, Meridian Arms, which in turn joined up with a tiny California Indian tribe and the CIA-connected Wackenhut Corporation in a scheme to manufacture arms on the Indians' reservation. Nichols had his own connection to the agency. In obtaining the

required California permits to possess and sell machine guns in Meridian's quest to provide guns for the contras, Nichols received a recommendation from a CIA official named Larry Curran. Apparently neither Curran nor the California Justice Department agents who issued the permits were alarmed by the FBI's reports on Nichols, or by the fact that he had used several aliases at different times in his life. They even overlooked Nichols's listing of Harold Okimoto, believed by intelligence sources to be a high-ranking member of Japan's Yakuza crime syndicate, as a former employer on his application to carry a concealed weapon.

One of the members of the board of directors of Meridian Arms's parent company was Eugene Giaquinto, then president of the home-entertainment division of MCA, the parent company of Universal Pictures. As part of Gates's investigation of mob influence in the movie industry, the FBI targeted Giaquinto, who was suspected of a variety of criminal acts. They placed him under surveillance and tapped his phones [see SPY, *The Fine Print*, July and August 1989]. Agents caught Giaquinto and Nichols lunching at Le Dome, the swank Los Angeles show business restaurant, and afterward transferring a box from Giaquinto's car to Nichols's. The taps caught them discussing possible takeovers of MCA, and the effect on stock prices. It was also evident from the wiretaps that Giaquinto enjoyed a special relationship with John Gotti. (The investigation was later quashed by Reagan-administration officials.)

When reports of the investigation surfaced, Giaquinto left MCA, as well as the board of Meridian. Before that happened, though, he tried to get his friend Nichols a big assignment. SPY has learned that Giaquinto—in his capacity as MCA's home-video honcho—approached Jack Valenti, the powerful chairman of the Motion Picture Association of America, and proposed that Valenti hire Nichols to coordinate the industry's anti-video-piracy effort in Asia. Valenti met with Giaquinto and Nichols but passed. "I didn't feel comfortable with Nichols," Valenti told SPY. One advantage Nichols might have enjoyed in the job of Asian antipiracy policeman would have been his close relationship with the Hawaii-based Okimoto, the alleged Yakuza associate; the two reportedly go back a long way. On the other hand, an antipiracy policeman with close ties to the Gambinos and the Yakuza might not be much of a policeman at all.

Nichols has replied to Gates's affidavit linking him to

John Gotti and the Gambinos through connections at MCA by suing the 17-year veteran and the U.S. government for libel and slander. (The case was recently dismissed.) Some say he has replied in other ways: Gates has testified before the House Judiciary Committee that he has twice heard from informants that Nichols has put a contract out on his life.

Alan Boyack, a former CIA operative now practicing law in Utah, has known Nichols for 15 years and says, "Nichols is lethal." SPY has obtained the transcript of a conversation between Boyack, Michael Riconosciuto and a former FBI agent, Ted Gunderson, in which Riconosciuto describes an occasion where Nichols wanted to deliver a message to a mobster from Chicago. He hung the man upside down on a hoist in an airplane hangar in front of a prop plane, then started the engine of the plane and revved it up, so that the man hanging on the hoist was sucked toward the propellers. According to Riconosciuto, "By the time Bob got finished with him, he wanted to die."

CASOLARO WAS INTRODUCED TO Nichols by Bill Hamilton, the Inslaw man. Hamilton seems aware that Nichols and Casolaro had grown close. In fact, on August 9, 1991, at 12:50 p.m.—about 12 hours before Casolaro died—Hamilton called Nichols at his home in California. They talked for three and a half minutes. Hamilton claims now that he was looking for Casolaro, whom he hadn't heard from in a few days. "Robert Booth Nichols," Hamilton told SPY, "is a very strange and dangerous guy."

Nevertheless, despite Hamilton's professed reservations about Nichols's character, the man who designed a program for tracking criminals and the man who has been linked by the FBI to two crime organizations communicate with surprising frequency. Last summer I visited Hamilton's office in Washington to get a copy of the phone records that would show his call to Nichols on August 9, 1991. He seemed reluctant. It took a fair amount of persuasion to convince him to turn it over—and what he gave me was a photocopy with all but that call blocked out. Shortly after leaving, I remembered that I had wanted to ask him something else and returned to his office. While I was waiting in the reception area, the phone rang. The receptionist buzzed Hamilton: "Robert Booth Nichols, returning your call." When I asked Hamilton about the call, he replied, "I call Nichols all the time. It was just a coincidence that it was right after you left."

By July 1991, the relationship between Nichols and Casolaro had begun to deteriorate. On July 7, Nichols

flew from Puerto Rico to Washington to meet with Casolaro. He stayed several days. There's no telling exactly what they talked about, but it was after this visit that Casolaro told Agent Gates that Nichols had warned him, "If you continue this investigation, you will die." One night, Casolaro and Nichols went out to dinner, accompanied by Wendy Weaver. "During the evening," she told SPY, "Nichols took exception to the imagined slight made to me by a patron at the bar. Nichols grabbed the man, slammed him against the wall and threatened to kill him. Later that night, Danny told me that Nichols really scared him."

After that, Casolaro began trying to find out who Robert Booth Nichols really was. He found Gates and began asking questions, telling him where he was going and finally, three days before he died, asking whether he should take Nichols's threats seriously. But Casolaro was

talking to someone else on the West Coast as well, a man named Richard Stavin, a former special prosecutor for the Justice Department who had been assigned to the MCA case. In his investigation of the MCA case, Stavin had unearthed documents about Nichols, who was also a target of his probe. On July 31, 1991, Casolaro had a 55-minute conversation with Stavin. Danny must have thought he had hit the jackpot: Stavin told him that Nichols had been a money launderer and that he was connected to the Gambino crime family and the Yakuza.

But Stavin told Casolaro something else, something that upon reflection, he now says, "maybe I shouldn't have told him." Stavin told Casolaro that in the late 1970s, Robert Booth Nichols had offered to become a confidential informant for the Department of Justice—in other

words, a snitch. Stavin doesn't know whether any law-enforcement agency accepted Nichols's offer. When the prosecutor asked other agencies, "we received denials across the board," he says, "but it seemed like a cover-your-ass situation." To some people, of course, it would be irrelevant whether Nichols had ever actually performed as a stool pigeon or not. But if John Gotti, for example, had ever found out what Danny Casolaro had found out, Nichols would be a dead man.

Six days after speaking to Stavin, Danny Casolaro, who "still had a young man's vision of his immortality," according to his friend Larry Stich, had a long phone conversation with Robert Booth Nichols. The next day, Casolaro was telling Agent Gates that Nichols had warned him to abandon the investigation. The following morning he left for Martinsburg, where two days later Barbara Bittinger saw his blood on a pair of towels underneath a hotel sink. ☞

THE DEAD MAN'S TALES SPY reported on two of the stories Casolaro was working on in April and September 1992.



EVER SINCE HE CREATED *HOME ALONE*, WRITER-PRODUCER-DIRECTOR JOHN HUGHES HAS BEEN GETTING AT LEAST \$10 MILLION A YEAR TO CRANK OUT CONSISTENTLY MEDIOCRE MONEY-LOSERS. CAN HE KEEP IT UP? DOES IT MATTER THAT THE HOLLYWOOD BIG BOYS ALL DESPISE HIM? OR WILL *HOME ALONE 2* NOW RENEW HIS STATUS AS AMERICA'S MOST BANKABLE BRAT?

Boi baby

the air is thick—with genius? Cigarette smoke, certainly. In a tiny trailer on a Chicago movie set far, far from Hollywood, employees of John Hughes try not to cough for fear of interrupting the constant stream of Hughes consciousness that just might, at any second, produce another *Dutch* or *Curly Sue*. If this is a typical workday at Hughes Entertainment, it's a little after midnight, or maybe it's

3:00 a.m., or maybe it's 5:30 in the morning; it doesn't matter. Hughes, while merely the 25th-most-powerful person in Hollywood, according to *Premiere* magazine, is definitely the most powerful man in this trailer.

Pumping a cigarette and slurping his coffee, Hughes reaches for something else bad for him—a pork chop sandwich, a Girl Scout cookie—and embarks on another of the marathon one-man brain-

by Richard Lallach

ILLUSTRATION BY ALETHA REPPLE



HUGHESLAND

storming sessions that only a select handful of his perpetually frightened staff are privileged to attend. The caffeine and nicotine and saturated fats and sugar are working tonight. As he has a thousand times before and will a thousand times again, the founder of Hughes Entertainment has an idea for a movie.

"How about *this*," Hughes says. "Little girl gets on a plane, runs into a guy like Candy, the Candy from *Planes, Trains*, some crazy salesman...."

That's a great one, the auteur decides. Hughes, no lazy, bald, ultratanned poolside mogul, writes his idea down himself on his own notepad. Later he will transfer it to his "hot book," which typically contains more than 200 ideas for movies. His "cold book" has 600, but he has threatened to go through it and rehearse as many characters, plots and permutations as possible. At any moment, Hughes may feel compelled to see the tenth draft of a screenplay that he last worked on three years ago.

Hughes's employees, mindful of what happens to Hughes employees who don't perform their duties *precisely* as the boss wishes, continue sitting there in the trailer, laughing, nodding and, despite the very, very late hour, looking attentive.

"It was this amazing, bizarre time in my life," one former Hughes executive says. "I really moved to Chicago to get away from Hollywood, [but here you're] back in it, in a different way: *You're in Hughesland*."

The contrast is startling. Hollywood swarms with spoiled, tempestuous little sun gods who bully their employees and betray their friends; in Hughesland, there's only one crazed, scary, capricious bully, and he's tall and doughy-complected. In fairness, it should be pointed out that Hughesland does exist in a parallel geographic universe with Oprahland, but if you're talking about highly formulaic Chicago-based quasi-

comedies that feature white folks from the suburbs, Hughes is your guy. He is, in fact, the unchallenged king of the genre, having churned out a billion dollars' worth in the past decade, either writing, producing, writing and directing, writing and producing or writing, directing and producing *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*, *Mr. Mom*, *Nate and Hayes*, *National Lampoon's Vacation*, *Sixteen Candles*, *The Breakfast Club*, *Weird Science*, *National Lampoon's European Vacation*, *Pretty in Pink*, *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, *Some Kind of Wonderful*, *Planes, Trains and Automobiles*, *She's Having a Baby*, *The Great Outdoors*, *National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation*, *Uncle Buck*, *Home Alone*, *Career Opportunities*, *Only the Lonely*, *Dutch* and *Curly Sue*.

If the last four on that list seem only vaguely familiar, the titles of movies you neglected to see, or even rent, then you are part of the reason there is so much anxiety in chronically anxious Hughesland these days. Hughes badly needs a hit if he is to live in Hughesland happily ever after. *Home Alone 2: Lost in New York*, released November 20, could be just that—but since it is the sequel to the biggest-selling comedy of all time and cost an estimated \$40 million, it will have to be more successful than almost any other Hughes film ever to not be considered a bomb. Should that happen, Hughes, like the titanic two-year-old in *Honey, I Blew Up the Kid* (which, despite its thin suburban-white-people story, maudlin ending and disappointing box office, was *not* a recent Hughes film), will grow ever larger, ever more demanding and petulant, an ever bigger, more monstrous baby. If the movie flops—that is, grosses less than \$100 million—then Hughes, like the despotic Mr. Potter in *It's a Wonderful Life* (which Hughes didn't make either, but remakes occasionally), may find the power he cherishes slip away from him, and end up a warped, frustrated old man.

Bet on the baby.

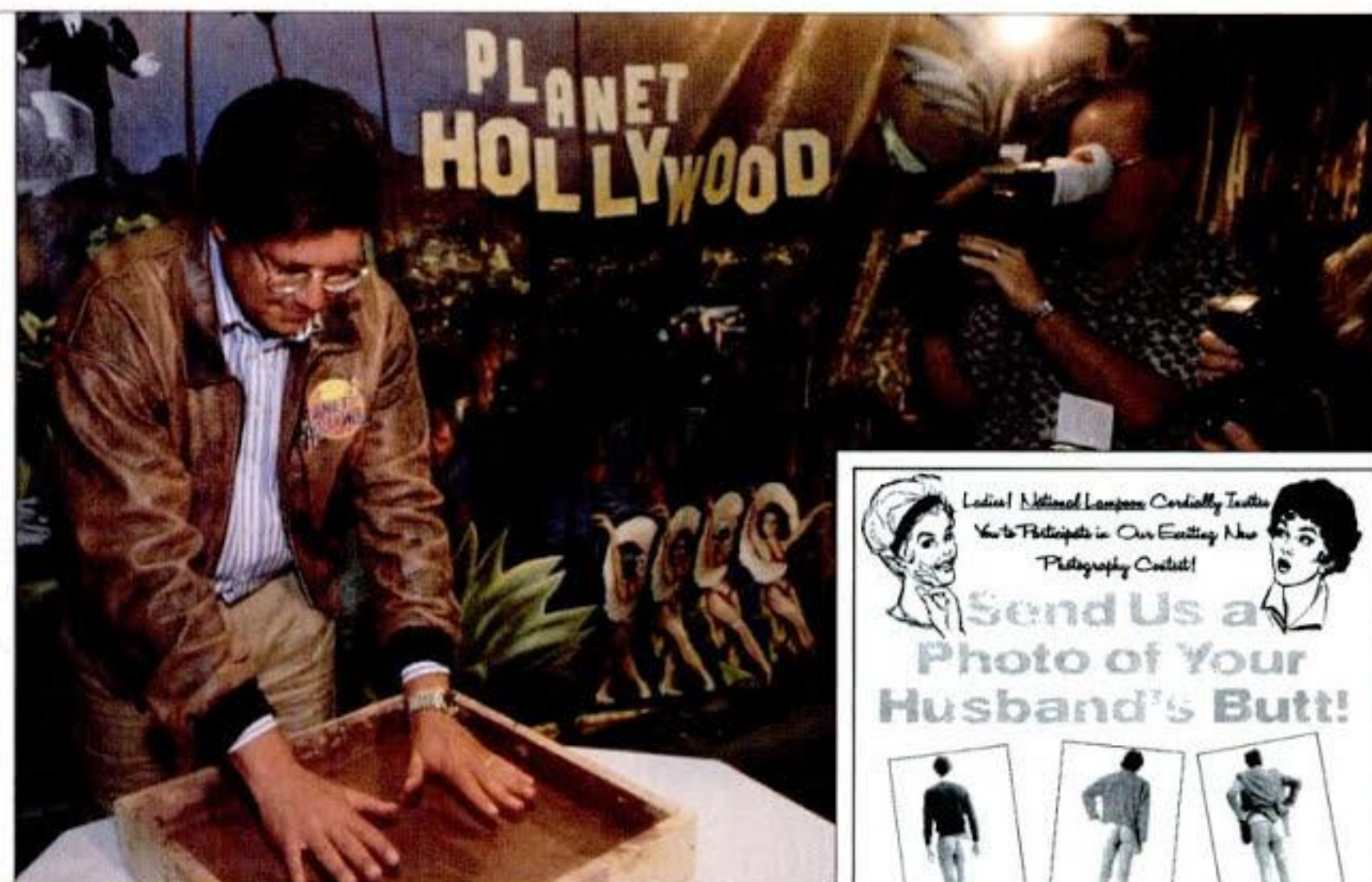
ONE OF THE SCARIEST rides in Hughesland is the Minivan With Hughes In It, because it is moving fast and you can't jump out. One Hollywood producer who went to Chicago to scout locations tells of inheriting the same group of film commission staffers and city officials that had been trapped in Hughesland the day before. "They said he was a total maniac screamer," the producer recalls. "They were still shaking. They had toured in a little minivan, and they said their ears still hurt."

"Is it well known," the producer asks, "that Hughes is a major prick?"

Amazingly, of the more than a dozen former and current Hughes associates who spoke to SPY, none of them used the word *prick*. Many, in fact, offered the standard prick-and-yet-not-prick disclaimers usually reserved for artists whose work is taken seriously. "When you get to know him, he's incredibly funny and really remarkable," gushed one former employee. "He isn't easy, but...I mean, there are very few in the history—there's been very few talented, creative people who were just sort of Mr. Ordinary," explained another former employee. "He's a monster that Hollywood created," said a third former employee, apparently unaware of how this game is played. Hughes is wonderful and charming, his underlings insist before going on to relate wonderfully charming anecdotes that, upon further reflection, they are desperate not to have attributed to them. Hughes is not a bad *man*; he just does bad *things*. And it is difficult to blame him because, after all, he is only a child.

"He even *looks* kind of like a child, you know?" one ex-employee observes. "When I say John is childlike, he's childlike in a good way, and he's also childlike in a bad way, in that he throws tantrums and he's a big, powerful child and people get hurt."

Thinking of Hughes as a very



Top, at a classy publicity event, Chicago, 1992. **Left**, with wife and kids in Las Vegas, 1991. **Above**: Hughes the humor writer—from *National Lampoon*, 1980.

"His name is a selling point," a Universal executive says, "even if you're selling shit"

large child seems to explain an awful lot. Craves love and attention. Pouts when he doesn't get his way. Writes movies where parents are stupid and kids are smart. Acts out all the parts. When you talk to Hughesland personnel about Hughes, they seem to be describing not so much a billion-dollar writer-director-producer as the rich kid on the playground who owns the bat and ball.

"John is like your best friend one day and then the next day he doesn't want to talk to you," one Hughes veteran explains, citing the example of Tarquin Gotch, who had risen through Hughes's company from

music supervisor on *Ferris Bueller's Day Off* and *Planes, Trains and Automobiles* to executive producer of *Home Alone* and most of the recent Hughes movies until Hughes let him go. It was not the first time that Hughes and his highest-ranking employee had parted ways, the veteran says: "Tarquin has been hired and fired by John more times than Billy Martin was hired and fired by the Yankees. They have the Steinbrenner-Billy Martin relationship. He would come back, *I love you, I hate you, You're fired, Come-back-I-need-you-I'm-desperate*. He would come back and he would get fired, he would come back

and he would get fired."

Gotch, who is unable or unwilling to discuss the details of his parting with Hughes, nevertheless acknowledges, "I think [Hughes's reputation] is probably justified. What happens with John is that you are either very close and friendly, or you're in Siberia." Right now, Gotch estimates, "I would say that I'm in Irkutsk or Tashkent—somewhere past Siberia. I can't understand it. But people know it when they go in to work with John, so it's pointless bleating about it afterward."

But bleat they do. Hughes has left a trail of stories about his inability to delegate authority and his capricious firings. The set decorator on *Planes, Trains* reportedly spent five months furnishing a seven-room set for Steve Martin's house, repeatedly asking for but not receiving directorial feedback, then was fired because Hughes felt there were too many tchotchkes in the house. One would assume that five years and ten films later, Hughes would have matured into a more confident filmmaker. The following incidents all occurred during the making of Hughes's last released film, *Curly Sue*.

❖ The mother of Alisan Porter, the preternaturally cherubic *Curly Sue*, pleaded for weeks for permission to see her daughter's dailies. When Porter's manager visited the set to renegotiate the child's contract, access to the dailies took on a sudden urgency, so a Hughes *vice president* reluctantly gave permission. Hughes fired him.

❖ One day on the set, Jim Belushi and Kelly Lynch, the mismatched-but-made-for-each-other adult leads, got into a creative disagreement about who was an expletive and who was a crass epithet. "I get a call at 6:30 Sunday morning," an ex-employee remembers. "It's John calling me up at home, saying, 'Have you read the newspaper yet?'" One of the 100 or so people on the set had apparently described the incident to a local gossip reporter. "He wanted [the unit publicist's]

head on a plate, that morning."

❖ With a month left in the shoot, Hughes was filming a scene in which Curly Sue eats pizza. The pizza was only lukewarm. Worse, after numerous takes, the prop master had run out of cheese pizza and had to substitute sausage. "Imagine, here's a guy in his forties," another employee on the set remarked, "fired because the pizza gag didn't work out."

❖ When he finished the rough cut of *Curly Sue*, Hughes invited executives from Warner Bros. to a screening. The scheduled time arrived without an appearance by Hughes. The executives, accompanied by their wives and children, ordered one of Hughes's editors to start the movie. The editor stalled as long as he could, but when Hughes showed up an hour late and saw that the film was rolling, he locked eyes with his employee. *Uh-oh, I'm outta here*, the editor is said to have groaned aloud. He was correct.

"You can't get too close [to another Hughes employee]," says one Hughes veteran. "You never know what's going to happen."

"There are times," Hughes has admitted himself, "when I've been on the set talking and there are 100 people who don't know what I mean." This makes working in Hughesland a nerve-racking yet dronelike existence, somewhat like what one imagines life to be like in those tunnels under Disney World. When Hughes orders his staff to bring him every record by Louis Jordan, they need not ask whether he is searching for an obscure blues tune for one of his celebrated film soundtracks—they need only bring him every single record by Louis Jordan. When he demands that they find as many movies from the 1930s as they can, they'd better not assume he's only interested in the screwball comedies.

There is, in fact, only one part of the Hughesland job description that is well understood by all: the too-

It's a Wonde



"A key moment in my life came when I saw a documentary on Frank Capra," John Hughes told *The New York Times Magazine* last year. "They showed these moments from 'Meet John Doe.'...It just really moved me. I was, like, 23." Of such formative moments are copycat filmmakers made. But in Hughes's case, he has out-auteured the auteur—not only is he more loathed by

FILM ELEMENTS	DUTCH	IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE	CURLY SUE
	<i>A John Hughes production; written and co-produced by John Hughes; 1991</i>	<i>Written, directed and produced by Frank Capra; 1946</i>	<i>A John Hughes Film; written, produced and directed by John Hughes; 1991</i>
There's trouble in...	the life of an immature, spoiled white brat (A) from a Chicago suburb.	the life of a white middle-class banker (A) in Bedford Falls.	the life of a brittle white lady lawyer (A) in Chicago.
Because...	his divorced mother wants him home for the holidays.	he's misplaced \$8,000.	she's single, career-minded and cynical.
But really because...	he's bitter about the divorce.	he's lost his faith.	she's not a mother.
Into his/her life comes childlike and uninhibited...	Dutch (B).	Clarence the Angel (B).	Jim Belushi (B), with preternaturally cute nine-year-old.
Major family gathering(s)	Thanksgiving	Christmas	A wedding
Rousing anthem/hymn(s)	<i>Faux</i> Sousa fireworks music; <i>faux</i> choral music	"Hurray for the Red, White and Blue"; "Auld Lang Syne"	"The Star Spangled Banner"
Absent relative(s)	Dad	Dad dies early on.	Dead mom
Indigents are...	lovable and thieving.	lovable.	thieving and lovable.
Bureaucrat(s) who are corrupt/just lack compassion	Negligent Dad, "one of the most powerful men in the country"	Cranky draft board official; bank examiners	Child-welfare authorities
Kooky transportation	A, misbehaving, smacks B's sedan into tractor trailer. Also, travel by junker station wagon, freight car.	A, drunk, smacks his old junker into a tree! Beverly Hillbillies-style truck loaded with ethnic family's possessions, livestock.	A, distracted, smacks her Mercedes into B twice! And then into A's stuffed-shirt boyfriend! Also, travel by garbage truck and freight car.
B wins A over by...	sharing a motel room.	showing him what the world would be like without him.	showing her how to have fun again.
Stuffed shirts get...	told off, punched in face.	told off.	told off, punched in face, run over.
Comforting bromide(s)	You can't tell a book by its cover; Money can't buy happiness; Family is the most important thing; There's no place like home for the holidays	Money can't buy happiness; Friends and family are the most important thing; There's no place like home for the holidays	You can't tell a book by its cover; Money can't buy happiness; Family is the most important thing
CAPRAESQUENESS	🔔🔔🔔🔔🔔	🔔🔔🔔🔔🔔	🔔🔔🔔🔔🔔





















Powerful High Concept

critics and co-workers than Capra ever was in his time, but his films are *more Capraesque*.

An exhaustive SPY analysis has revealed that of the most Capraesque films ever made, only four were made by Capra. The movies were judged on the basis of which best expressed Capra's values—home, family, faith, patriotism, class harmony, amusing means of transport, major holidays and

comforting bromides. Some Capra films—*Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* and *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*—lacked strong family themes and kooky transportation, both essential Capraesque elements. Other films by Capra and Hughes might have made the list but were unavailable for viewing. Several early Hughes films were disqualified for having too much smutty language. —Chris Kelly



HOME ALONE	MEET JOHN DOE	PLANES, TRAINS AND AUTOMOBILES	IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT	UNCLE BUCK	WHY WE FIGHT: THE NAZIS STRIKE
<i>John Hughes production, written and produced by John Hughes; 1990</i>	<i>Frank Capra Productions Inc.; produced and directed by Frank Capra; 1941</i>	<i>A John Hughes Film; written, produced and directed by John Hughes; 1987</i>	<i>A Frank Capra Production; directed by Frank Capra; 1934</i>	<i>Co-produced by John Hughes; written and directed by John Hughes; 1989</i>	<i>Produced and directed by Frank Capra; 1943</i>
the life of a supernaturally cute upper-middle-class eight-year-old (A) in a Chicago suburb.	the life of a brittle white girl reporter (A).	the life of upper-middle-class ad man Steve Martin (A) from a Chicago suburb.	the life of a white heiress (A) in Florida.	an upper-middle-class white family in a Chicago suburb.	a white middle-class continent (A) above Africa.
he has been left alone in the house.	she's losing her job.	he can't get home.	her father wants her marriage annulled.	Grandpa has a stroke and the parents have to go away.	of the Great Depression.
he's an immature brat.	she's single, career-minded and cynical.	he lacks compassion and is not paying enough attention to his family.	she's an immature, spoiled brat.	the parents aren't paying enough attention to their immature-brat daughter (A).	of Prussian militarism.
Burglars (B).	John Doe (B).	John Candy (B).	Clark Gable (B).	John Candy (B).	Hitler (B).
Christmas	Christmas	Thanksgiving	A wedding	A birthday party	Soviet-German nonaggression pact
"Carol of the Bells (Ring Christmas Bells)"	"Star Spangled Banner"; "Take Me Out to the Ballgame"	"Meet the Flintstones"	"Here Comes the Bride"	"Happy Birthday to You"	"Deutschland Über Alles"; "Onward Christian Soldiers"
Whole family	Dead dad	Dead wife	Dead mom	Mom and Dad	Plenty
thieving.	lovable.	thieving.	lovable, thieving.	nonexistent.	taken care of.
Cops	Mayor, governor, union leaders	Car rental and airline employees	Various cops	School principal	Thousands
B almost smack their an into A! Pizza van smacks into lawn ornament twice!	Freight car	B almost smacks junker sedan into two tractor trailers. Also, travel in the back of a truck and in a bus full of singing proles.	B steals a banged-up, overheating old junker. Also, travel with a bus full of singing proles.	A wrecked-up old backfiring junker sedan!	Tanks
forcing him to defend his home.	resembling her dad.	sharing a motel room.	sharing a motel room.	putting her boyfriend in the trunk of his car.	invading Poland.
told off.	told off.	told off.	told off, left at the altar.	told off; physical defect insulted.	duped into treaties.
Family is the most important thing; There's no place like home for the holidays; You can't lick the little guy	You can't tell a book by its cover; You can't lick the little guy	You can't tell a book by its cover; There's no place like home for the holidays	Money can't buy happiness; You can't tell a book by its cover	You can't tell a book by its cover; Family is the most important thing	Good always triumphs over evil; You can't lick the little guy
    	   	  	  	  	 

much-fun-hanging-out-and-listening-to-John part. Hughes once auditioned an actress by ushering her into his office and launching into a 20-minute monologue before ushering her back out. She never spoke a word. A source says that when Hughes interviewed one prospective employee, he never asked about his education at New York University's film school or his work with Louis Malle. Instead, Hughes grilled him about football: Which defense was stronger, the blitzing 1985 Chicago Bears or the Steel Curtain of the 1970s Steelers? For the next hour, the interviewee was obliged to engage in an extended and entirely earnest *SNL* skit, squaring off on a hypothetical Super Bowl. *The Steelers would have shut down Walter Payton*, the interviewee offered. *But the Bears would have stopped Bradshaw*, Hughes countered. Hughes hired the Steeler fan on the spot and offered him the title of vice president for creative affairs.

To some people, arguing about sports and listening to a guy pitch movie premises all night long would not seem like a bad job, even if you did get fired from it frequently and without warning. But those people would be 12-year-old boys, not professionals who care about their work. "No, it's not [worth it]," one former Hughesland resident concludes. "Because his movies ultimately aren't that good. I don't think anyone should treat people like shit and get away with it just because they're a filmmaker. It would be different," he suggests, "if he were Martin Scorsese."

OF COURSE, JOHN Hughes does not want to be Scorsese. Rather, John Hughes wants to be Frank Capra.

He likes to tell the story of watching a documentary on Capra and being moved by a scene from the end of *Meet John Doe*. Even the most cursory tour through the Hughes video catalog would suggest that he

has been moved by many, many scenes in Capra's films. (See "It's a Wonderful High Concept," page 68.) What's more, the Hughes Entertainment logo—a star flanked by vertical stripes—is a symbolic twin to Capra's Liberty Bell.

But most important, Hughes, like Capra, is a populist. "I have no interest, none whatsoever, in doing something for myself instead of for the audience," he told *The New York Times* last year.

A former ad copywriter (best known for creating the shaving-cream commercial where the guy scrapes a credit card on his face), Hughes prides himself on the amount of marketing calculation behind each of his films. He told the *Times* that his early teen films were part of a platforming strategy: "*Sixteen Candles* will come out on videocassette as *Breakfast Club* is opening." In 1991 he blamed the failure of *She's Having a Baby*, his first "adult" feature, on the fact that he'd timed it to come out when *Breakfast Club* viewers were graduating from college and starting their first jobs, but "it ultimately came out a year late and completely screwed up the whole plan."

This is not to say that Hughes does not put time and effort into the *product*. If anything, his work habits have always suggested a manic disorder. "He's on a treadmill of his own creation," says a former staff member. Unable to slow down, he works on ten projects simultaneously. During a sound mix on one of his films, he typed up a new script for another on his portable computer. The clicking of his keyboard never paused as he interjected, into a discussion about an offscreen sound effect, *Uh, the breaking glass is wrong, just lose it*.

Much has been made of Hughes's ability to knock off the first draft of a script in six days or less. But the time he does spend writing is gut-wrenching. While working on the script for *Jaws 3*, *People 0*, an early unproduced script, Hughes

reportedly got so worked up that he called a collaborator one day and reported, "I'm having a heart attack." An ambulance was called, but it was only gas.

For all Hughes's regular-guy disavowal of artistic ambition, his concern for his reputation can be most clearly seen, ironically, in two movies he did not direct: *Home Alone* and *Career Opportunities*.

Career Opportunities, about a wacky teenage boy locked in a department store overnight with the girl of his dreams, sounds, at that high-concept stage, like an ideal Hughes directorial vehicle. But Hughes apparently did not think so, and threw his weak script at untried director Bryan Gordon. When the script predictably yielded a dog; Hughes reshot several scenes, and when that didn't work, he threw tantrums and demanded that Universal remove his writing and producing credits from it. A top Universal executive remembers, "He said he was a big-time guy now, and that he did *Home Alone*, and that we couldn't do that to him. He said, 'You're selling shit under my name.' We refused. His name is a selling point, even if you're selling shit."

Home Alone, according to a number of sources, was another script Hughes didn't feel like directing, and he handed it off to Chris Columbus. "It was a small, insignificant project, and Hughes said to Chris, 'Do whatever you want with it,'" a source familiar with the production says. "The script was not very good, and it was really Chris's rewriting, which he did not get credit for, and his comic timing, and comic sensibility, and heart, and warmth, that made that film what it is. I really think it's 98 percent Chris Columbus on the screen."

Hughes himself seemed to agree, at least *before* the movie was released. "I do not have a great sense of fantasy," he said in an interview. "And Chris has a much keener sense of structure." Hughes's contribution to *Home Alone*, he said at the time,



LOOK AT MY BIG CELEBRITY FRIENDS With, *clockwise from left*, John and Steve, 1987; Matthew, 1985; Kevin and Elizabeth, 1988; Alisan, 1990



"Hughes liked the fact that Michael Eisner had to sit in the alley with the rest of the crew with the rats and the garbage"

was, "I just pulled back and pulled back. I did what a producer is supposed to do, I guess, which is to stay out of the way."

After the movie became huge, however, Hughes realized he had terribly underestimated himself. "The last 44 pages of *Home Alone* were written in eight hours," he now says of the script. "I was *inside* that movie. Anything I did was right." And on the joy of watching *Home Alone* exhilarate an audience, he says, pseudo-self-deprecatingly, "I was sitting there saying to myself, 'I know how to do this?'"

(An interesting side note: Hughes claims he got the idea for *Home Alone* in August 1989 while preparing for a family vacation to Paris. Coincidentally, *Père Noël*, a popular 1989 French thriller, is about a boy who defends his house from an intruder after being left home alone on Christmas Eve.)

For all his *faux* humility, Hughes does not need much of a nudge to turn defensive. When a *Times* reporter suggested that his movies had a particularly American appeal, Hughes snapped, "So why is *Home Alone* the biggest movie ever in Turkey?"

YOU'RE MICHAEL Eisner, king of Disney. One day a vassal comes and tells you that *Home Alone* is the biggest movie ever in Turkey. What do you do?

I'm sorry, Mr. Hughes is shooting a movie right now and can't fly out and have lunch with you at Mortons.

So you grab Jeffrey Katzenberg and fly to Chicago and try to find an acceptable restaurant to be seen in.

I'm sorry, Mr. Hughes is shooting an important scene. Could you come down to the set? Oh, and dress casual.

And so here you are, king of Disney, standing in a damp, cold alley—one decorated with real garbage—waiting for Curly Sue to hit Jim Belushi with that two-by-four and smiling.

Only in Hughesland. Where John Hughes's dreams come true.

According to one Hughesland employee at the time, Eisner and Katzenberg weren't the only major studio executives who came a-courting following the success of *Home Alone*: "They *all* flew out. It was like trying to sign a ballplayer.

"One of the things that John liked to do is when those guys would come, he would *try* to make it as difficult as he could for them," he continues. "He liked the fact that they were going to have to be sitting in the alley with the rest of the crew with the rats and the garbage." The success of *Home Alone* has, at least for the time being, given Hughes the sort of power few filmmakers are ever accorded, and none has ever exercised more gleefully.

Weary of explaining which of the characters in *The Breakfast Club* was him (Ally Sheedy, none of them, Anthony Michael Hall and Judd Nelson are his answers so far) and stung by magazine stories like the one in which an unnamed studio executive calls him "pathological," Hughes has lately all but banished the press from Hughesland.

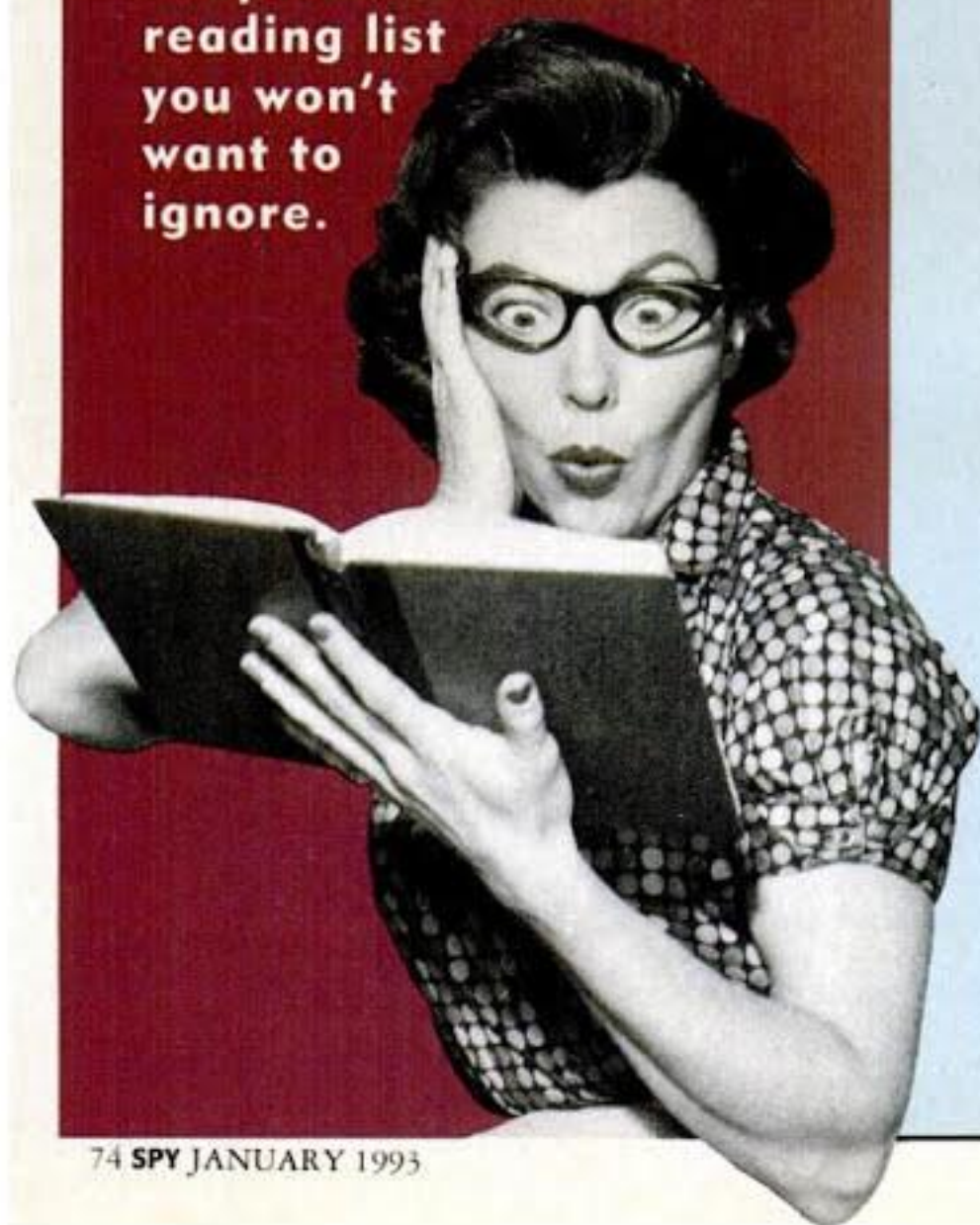
While the *Home Alone* set was visited by several journalists, subsequent Hughes productions—

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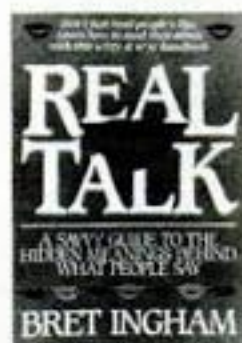
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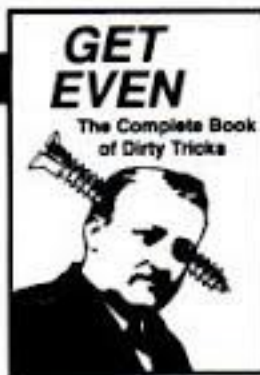
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Career Opportunities, *Dutch*, *Only the Lonely*, *Curly Sue*—have been closed to reporters. For *Home Alone 2*, Hughes first closed the set, then decided to invite two magazines; he changed his mind and approved a list of ten magazines; finally he canceled all of the appointments and closed the set again.

At his premiere party for *Home Alone* at a Chicago restaurant, Hughes kept to himself, stationed near the hot-fudge-sundae bar. When he was introduced to a journalist from a local magazine for which he had agreed to be interviewed, Hughes moaned and took three quick backward steps, then disappeared into the crowd.

When he does telephone interviews, his voice is a scarcely audible stream of dour, uninflected self-consciousness. Every sentence seems to end in a sigh, until one realizes that he is exhaling cigarette smoke into the phone. Hughes declined to be interviewed for this profile, citing the production demands of his latest masterwork, *Dennis the Menace*. But after he was told that SPY was preparing a story, two sources who had previously agreed to allow their names to be used changed their minds. "Please don't get me in trouble. He's a weird guy, but powerful," one said. "Please, help me out, help me out here."

It's not just SPY. More than a year ago, a reporter contacting Chicago businesses for a puff piece on how Hughes had helped the local economy got a frantic call from Hughes's public-relations firm demanding, *Who are you and why are you calling these people who know John?* Suddenly the reporter found that his phone calls were not being returned.

Yet, for all its aggravations, the press is but an annoyance, easily swatted away. The real enemy, both the source and target of Hughes's power, is Hollywood itself. "He's uncontrollable," says one studio executive. "No one can talk to him. If you tell him you're not pleased with the dailies, he'll just tell you to

go fuck yourself."

It doesn't take much to set Hughes off. Jeffrey Katzenberg, who lives on the telephone, has told a colleague that he has become estranged from Hughes because he didn't indulge Hughes's predilection for endless phone chats. "'Although John is prolific and talented,'" one producer recalls Katzenberg telling him, "'I can't spend two hours every morning discussing moms and vacuum cleaners.'"

Of course, Hughes's relations with Hollywood have never been good. He wrote 15 screenplays, including *The History of Ohio from the Beginning of Time to the End of the Universe*, before one was made. He was thrown off the production of *Mr. Mom*, then *Mom* made millions and Universal signed him to a \$30 million, three-year contract in 1983. But after a screening of *The Breakfast Club's* rough cut for a group of unimpressed Universal executives, he was forced to finish editing the film in Los Angeles, breaking what he said was an agreement to allow him to work in Chicago. He then hired a law firm to get out of the deal after only three movies, and moved to Paramount in 1985. While there, he feuded with executives over the cost of renovating his office on the lot. He returned to Universal in 1988; predictably, trouble ensued. He walked out on his deal there in 1990.


"He is impossible," says a top Universal executive. But even this executive says, "I'd do business with him again if he weren't so expensive." His current deal at Fox guarantees him \$35 million for seven pictures. At the same time, he's free to make pictures for other studios. Sources place his rates as high as \$4.5 million for a screenplay and another \$2 million to direct. He also commands percentages of gross revenues, from 5 to 10 percent if he produces and from 10 to 15 percent if he directs.

Fox is hoping for another *Home Alone* (it grossed \$283 million in the U.S. alone) to offset the duds he has

produced for the studio since that film: *Dutch* and *Only the Lonely* failed to break even at the box office. Warner Bros.'s *Career Opportunities* grossed only \$11 million, and *Curly Sue*, which took in \$30 million, should just break even. Hughes movies are never grotesquely expensive, but given their modest scale and production values, they aren't cheap. "What no one says about *Home Alone* is, 'Why did it have to cost \$18.2 million?'" says one peevish studio executive. "It had no stars. The director [Columbus] had just come off a flop [*Heartbreak Hotel*]. That means they probably spent \$15 million below the line [after paying Columbus and the actors]. Where did it go?" "John Hughes is killing the industry," complains the head of another studio. "The economics don't work unless the pictures work. One *Home Alone* can't make up for too many losers."

For all its griping, however, Hollywood has been eager to indulge Hughes. His contracts now allow him to make all of his movies in Hughesland, which doesn't come cheap. For *Home Alone 2*, Fox had to lease a defunct tennis club in Skokie to use as a soundstage and ended up spending more than \$1 million on sets alone. Fox is also obligated to spend \$10 million marketing each Hughes product, whether it's the prestige *Black Cat Bone: The Return of Huckleberry Finn*, which he is set to direct, or *The Bugster*, or *Nanny*, or the one where the little girl gets on a plane and runs into a guy like Candy, some crazy salesman....

It seems the Hollywood establishment is powerless to stop Hughes's childlike rampages through their playpen. Instead, they wait.

"I don't know if studios like me or not," Hughes has said. "If my movies stop working, there'll be a real short parade." Short parade? As one studio executive told us, "If the magic is really gone, it's going to look like the Oklahoma land rush in reverse—people will be running as fast as they can to get away from him." 

Apartment Complexes

**At Home With Frank Rich and Alex
Witchel; John Simon Seeks SWF;
Tina's Boy Climbs on a Ledge**
by James Collins

Critics may be hard on the people they write about, but they are also tough on themselves. True, they rarely complain that in their own work the characters failed to undergo a transformation or that the jokes were puerile or that the part of the reviewer—the lead, for heaven's sake—was completely miscast; but they still possess some objectivity. Gene Lyons, for example, reviewed Richard Rhodes's book *Making Love: An Erotic Odyssey* in *Entertainment Weekly* and described the dangers of writing about sex: "One false note and an author is ripe for ridicule or righteousness. Particularly from book reviewers, a snide, morally superior lot." Lyons may in fact have entered into the spirit of Rhodes's book a little too sympathetically. He wrote farther on that the author's "uncommon zeal to induce women to multiple orgasm contains an element of sadism," and this might tell more about Lyons's own ultra-efficient style of lovemaking than *EW*'s readers really wanted to know.

Richard Corliss of *Time* has also been circumspect about his craft in recent weeks, sarcastically referring to "the noble trade of movie criticism." Corliss may not have been kidding, though: In the same review, he identified the characters in *Husbands and Wives*—a writer who teaches at Barnard, a magazine editor, an aerobics instructor—as members of "Manhattan's glamourati," and anyone who thinks teaching at Barnard is the height of chic might really believe that reviewing movies is noble. Meanwhile, Robert Hughes—the most prominent art

critic in the country—told *ARTnews* that he "would hate to be defined as just an art critic. I'm a writer. If I'm not, then I've wasted my time." After they read this, Adam Gopnik of *The New Yorker* will go for the ledge, Kay Larson of *New York* will choose poison, and *The New York Times*'s Michael Kimmelman will swallow just so many pills that it will look like a cry for help.

Naturally, the reviewer who has of late spoken most eloquently about reviewing is Clive Barnes of the *New York Post*. Barnes wrote recently that he'd had the rare experience of seeing two productions after other critics had already written about them. He found himself enjoying the play his comrades had panned, he said, and disappointed by the one they'd raved about. Then he became philosophical:

Were these reactions affected by the expectations raised in me by critics—are things ever as good or as bad as we say they were? It's an interesting



Illustration by Michael Witte

point. And, for people in my profession, perhaps rather a disturbing one.

If Barnes has only just now come to the terrible realization that reviews may actually influence the people who read them and so critics should be careful about their opinions, you wonder what he thinks he has been up to for the past 30 years—optometry? I wouldn't trust his newfound reflectiveness very much, however. The show he disliked was *The Real Inspector Hound*, a play that makes fun of theater critics.

A recent *Post* review by Jami Bernard illustrates precisely the issues Barnes was addressing. Bernard was discussing the movie *Crossing the Bridge*, which stars Stephen Baldwin, the unknown brother of quasi-known Billy and well-known Alec Baldwin. She wrote that Stephen is "really the more interesting actor of the three, and this is a good opportunity to note that the hunky Baldwin brothers have eyes that begin sliding down the sides of their faces as they get younger." Just as Barnes would have feared, this had a disturbing effect on me.

Clive Barnes is disqualified, but can anyone guess who wrote the following dialogue?

ALEX: At least we agree that in the kitchen the focal point is the refrigerator.

FRANK: It's the second most important piece of furniture we have collected, after the bed.

ALEX: Ssshhh!

FRANK: A close third, of course, would be the wine racks.

ALEX: When Moishe's movers came to your old apartment, they looked at all the wine and all the books and one of them said, "What do you two spend all your time doing? Get drunk, read books, and go to bed?"

FRANK: Not necessarily in that

order. I'm glad we gave him a big tip.

ALEX: We had to give everyone a big tip.

FRANK: That's New York.

Noel Coward? Kaufman and Hart? George Chapman, possibly? No, the authors are Alex Witchel (Alex), a *Times* reporter who used to write a theater column, and Frank Rich (Frank), the *Times's* chief drama critic. Two pages of this mortifying banter appeared in *HG* recently, accompanied by photographs of the rumpled principals and their style Graduate Student apartment on the Upper West Side. The piece was evidently the first scene from Rich and Witchel's new play, *Manhattan Glamourati*.


The correspondence of another literary couple has just been published in *Vita and Harold: The Letters of Vita Sackville-West and Harold Nicolson*, and we can probably look forward to a similar volume from the Riches someday. Anthony Burgess reviewed *Vita and Harold* for *The Atlantic*. Loopily hyperventilating, he wrote of the pair,

They went their own sexual ways; what was left over from sex was a love that may be termed platonic....A love without pawing and hot breathing, conceivably without kisses, satisfied the Nicolsons on a level incomprehensible to the Elizabeth Taylors of the world.

It would never have occurred to me to include Frank Rich and Alex Witchel among the Elizabeth Taylors of the world. Conjugal pawing aside, you can almost see the Riches playing the Sandy Dennis and George Segal roles opposite Taylor and Richard Burton in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* The action takes place in a somewhat run-down academic house, and on top

of that, Virginia Woolf and Vita Sackville-West were lovers.

An Upper West Side apartment also plays an important part in the Bridget Fonda film *Single White Female*, and this allowed John Simon to make a characteristically strained and phonily learned joke in his review of the movie for *National Review*: "There are goings-on such as would be unheard of in a respectable apartment house like the Ansonia, once the home of Schoenberg and still the place of which many distinguished musicians proudly say, 'Et in Ansonia ego.'" Given wit like this, the Nicolsons' circle would probably have considered Simon as vulgar as Eddie Fisher. In the same review, Simon attacked liberal Hollywood for changing the title of the movie from *SWF Seeks Same*, which was the name of the book on which it was based. Both titles refer to an ad the heroine puts in the paper, but, Simon writes, "because [the novel's version] is considered racist today, the title had to be amended, thus forfeiting the play on words and the moral of the story." Simon has a point, but what would the word of mouth have been for a picture people called "Swuff"?

Critics may be hard on themselves, but other people can be tough on them, too. Describing the difference between academic and popular literary criticism, Christopher Sackville-West—I mean Lehmann-Haupt—the daily book reviewer for the *Times*, wrote, "Popular reviewers commit what Gore Vidal demeans as 'bookchat.'" Lehmann-Haupt happened to much prefer the "first-rate" definition given by the literary critic whose book he was reviewing: "Critical journalism at its best combines the wide-ranging freedom, the gifted unprofessionalism of Victorian criticism, with a more modern textual attention and an awareness that a reading is not the Truth but only a quick take upon it." You know—bookchat. 

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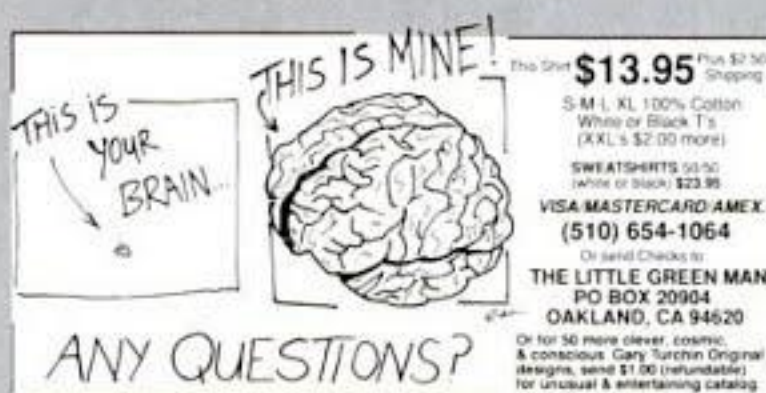
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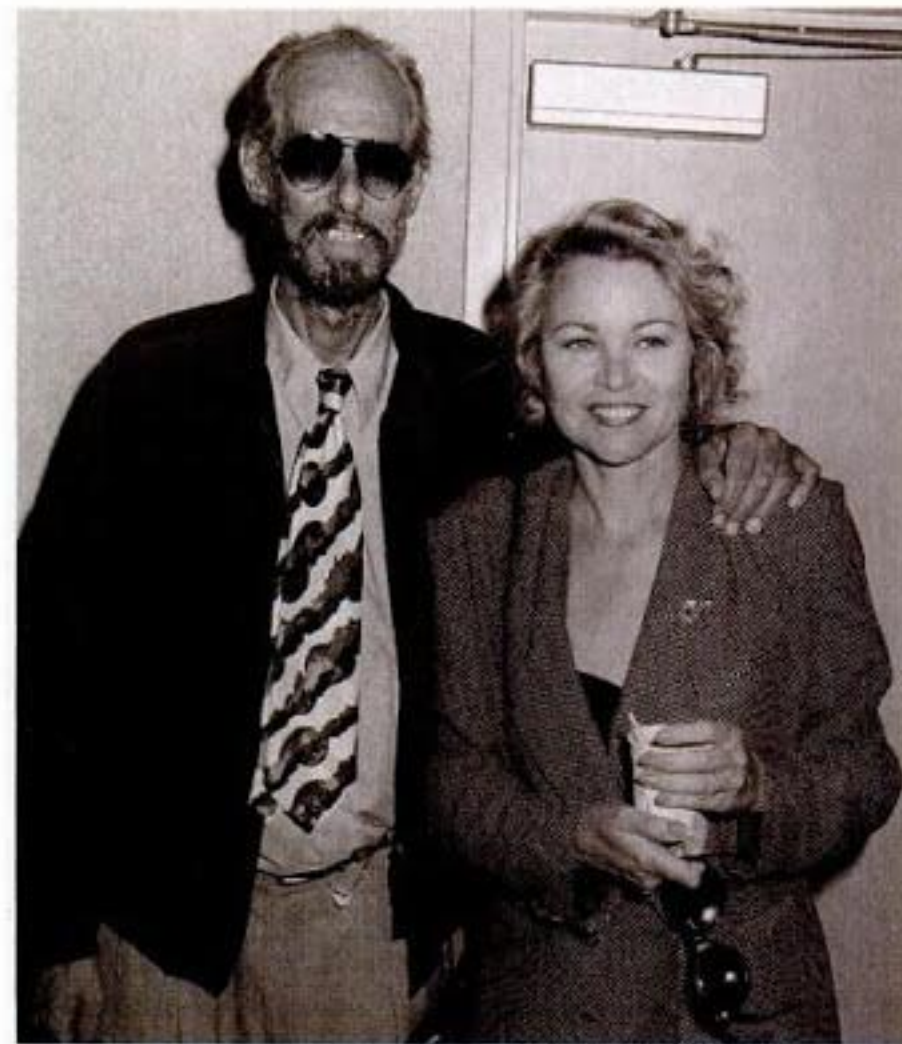
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—Gerald L. Taylor, Publisher



A VERY AMUSING FABRICATION Joe Frazier and Ivana Trump after her surprise announcement of their engagement



...AND THE SKY IS DORIAN GRAY John Phillips and ex-wife Michelle Phillips have an unusual pact—he ages for *both* of them!



"I'M SICK OF GETTING MERYL'S REJECTS!" Actress "Glengarry" Glenn Close allows herself to break through the repressive bonds of her WASPy upbringing and make a scene.

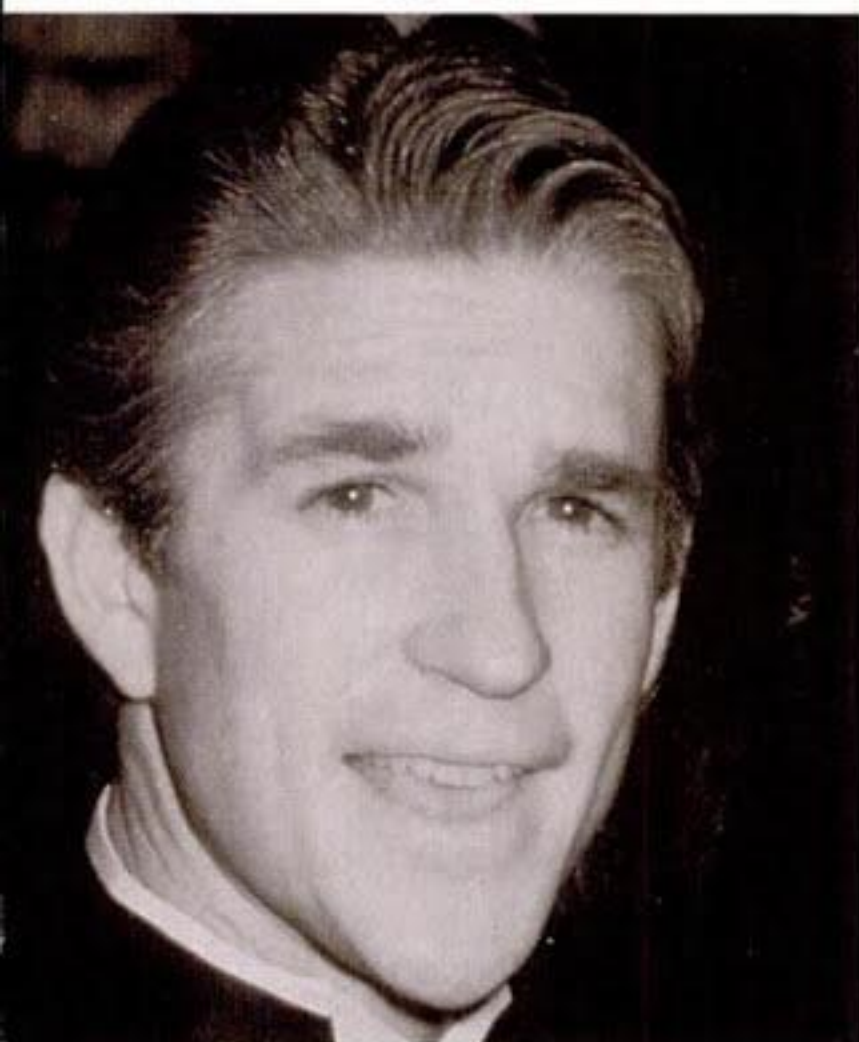
**PARTY
POOP.**



CAREFUL! Difficult liberal Alec Baldwin tests how hot difficult liberal Richard Dreyfuss's head is.



GATT FEVER The very serious Tim Robbins and Spike Lee, apparently discussing the Uruguay Round.



HEY! Inexplicable New York socialite Matthew Modine, whom *Vanity Fair* might put on its January cover—nude



BROTHER AND SISTER ACT Disney chairman Jeff Katzenberg and Whoopi Goldberg really, really *do* like each other.



FRIENDLY COMPETITION At a recent benefit at the Park Avenue Armory, Bette Midler and Sophia Loren compare breasts.



AVAST, ME MATEYS Lauren Hutton as pirate; as woman with patch on her forehead



GALA Yet another happy, festive night on the town for the Kravises.

CIA Bottom-Line Blues

What Bill Told Bob

About What Bob Told Bill

by Roy Blount Jr.

Asked what it takes to write jokes, Woody Allen once said, "That leap. I'm scared of dead patches." I was reminded of that when I read this quote in *The New York Times*: "Bob would make a series of points, and then rather than just ask a question that might logically follow, Bill would synthesize all the information and make that leap and come up with the bottom line." The speaker was present when Bob—Robert M. Gates, director of the CIA—gave Bill (Clinton) a national-security briefing six weeks before the presidential election. The speaker is a congressman, so there's no point in our attempting, as private citizens, to get a straight answer from *him* about exactly what this leapt-to bottom line was.

The point is what Bill told Bob about what Bob told Bill—which George already knew. It's *got* to be... horrible.

I had intended this month to look back with compassion on the major figures of 1992, in one of my "Okay, Fella, So How the F--- Would You Feel If..." columns.

Okay, Fella, So How the F--- Would You Feel If...

*You were a folksy can-do Texas billionaire who regarded *yourself* as a great American, and public radio started asking *you* smirky questions about *your* personal business, and *your* handlers started telling *you* that *you* couldn't just fire everyone who challenged *your* folksy can-doisms?

*You were a quasi-folksy quasi-can-do quasi-Texas incumbent who was philosophically opposed to the notion that the government *can* do anything about the economy, and *you* had to try to convince people that the economy

would get better if *you* were reelected?

*You had to decide between going to Southeast Asia to get shot at and pulling strings so *you* could stay at Oxford on a Rhodes scholarship and still come out looking okay in case *you* had to run for president against a war hero of sorts 20 years later?

But I can't get my mind off that Gates-Clinton conference. That's why you want to be president, right? So the CIA has to tell you what the real bottom line is. But then when you find out, do you wish you hadn't? And if you're only *running* for president, and the guy who's slipping you the skinny is serving at the pleasure of your opponent—who himself used to be head of the CIA....Maybe it went like this:

BOB: Well, Bill, one thing you should know is that your effective-

ness, should you win, may be just a *little* bit affected by the fact that the Iraqis have in their possession certain photographs. Of—

BILL: *Me?*

BOB: Cut to the chase, don't you? But let me answer that question *with* a question. You know the, uh...false rumor spread by, uh...Republicans when you ran, uh...unsuccessfully for Congress in 1974? The rumor that the young man who stripped naked and climbed a tree during an antiwar demonstration in Fayetteville in 1969 was, uh—

BILL: I am aware of that...*false* rumor.

BOB: Welll, it seeems, uhhh... Now, we don't know how *enhanced* these photographs are, but—

BILL: *Photographs?* They've... you've...So. What you're telling me is, the bottom line is, the world is a quickie-TV-movie-conspiracy kind of place.

BOB: You got it.

Or else it went like this:


BOB: One thing you should know, Bill—the reason we can't really go into Bosnia and kick ass is that there is a tiny holy man over there—literally, seven inches tall—who is very close to the Serbs (at the moment), and he has certain powers over global weather patterns that could *disastrously*—

BILL: So. You're telling me the world is like one of those Bergman movies in which God appears in the form of an enormous spider, and the subtitle says, ANY-

THING CAN HAPPEN?

BOB: You're quick!

Okay, Fella, So How the F--- Would You Feel If...

*You were God, and every time Pat Buchanan invoked *you*, *you* felt like an enormous spider? 

The bottom
line is,
the world is
a quickie-
TV-movie-
conspiracy
kind of place

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